THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 8. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

Obtained From the Note Book of a Traveling Correspondent.

The Ride Through Durango and Chihuahua—Desecrated Shrines—Gallant Frenchmen—Wild Horses—A Giant Aerolite—Cock Fighting.

Arrival at and Departure From the City of Chihuahua.

[*For The Citizen.*]

During the next few days we traveled through a better style of country, with low grass covered hills, some chapparal and occasional abundant streams; but the mornings, just before sunrise, began to grow exceedingly cold, and one morning, having foolishly allowed my overcoat to be folded in the blankets and packed in the boot of the ambulance, I would certainly have frozen solid only for Senor Muller's benign brandy flask. I committed no more mistakes of that kind. It was near a place called Basuga, in Durango, that I first saw a band of absolutely wild horses, improperly called mustangs, led by a ferocious white stallion. This beast was the terror of Mexican herdsmen and shepherds, and he had sent several of them across the Styx with scant ceremony. His deeds of blood were, no doubt, exaggerated by local romancers, but I have no doubt he was a most formidable, disagreeable and dangerous neighbor. It was a fine sight to see the untamed group, with heads erect, red nostrils quivering, and great, dark eyes blazing, watching us from the crest of a hill, in "the red dawn of the day" as we drove past. Every equine figure was a statue in bronze or marble. Oh, that Landseer, or some other true artist of nature, could have seen and caught their attitudes! Finally, with a great snort and a disdainful whisk of the grand, flowing tail, the giant stallion lifted his heels and was off like a rocket, followed by all his mares—he would permit no male rivals—"over the hills and far away."

All along the road, from the City of Mexico to the town of El Gallo, situated in the heart of high hills, I had noticed wayside shrines, in which were placed sacred effigies. The infidel soldiery of Juarez had used them as targets, and hardly one had escaped mutilation by bullets. The only exception was made in favor of shrines dedicated to Santa Maria del Guadaloupe, the patron saint of Mexico. Against her image, the rifle of even the most savage revolutionists was never pointed. Many of the Mexicans claimed that the French soldiers of Maximilian did some of the vandal business, but this is hardly probable, as the French rarely ever do anything to offend native susceptibility in the countries they invade.

Apropos of the French, I was pointed out a small eminence nearly abreast of the city of Durango, on which 500 of them, under a young colonel, stood off for two days 3,000 Mexicans, and finally defeated them, pursuing their march to Chihuahua thereafter in peace.

Nearly all the so-called rivers in this region go practically dry during nine months of the year. The Rios Nazas and Florida are no exceptions to the rule, and both are filled with quicksand of a most treacherous quality.

Cerro Gordo del Durango—to distinguish it from the Cerro Gordo of martial story, near Jalapa—is a small town, solidly built on a pretty streamlet, and remarkable for nothing but the endless number and variety of its dogs. We spent one night of horror there, in the open air, of course, and, in the morning, I was rash enough to bathe in the stream, from which I caught a cold that lasted for months afterward. The great wonder is that I was not chilled to death, because the water was cold as ice. But the agony of a dirty skin, clogged by alkaline dust and irritated by veteran flannel, often drives men to desperation.

We crossed into the state of Chihuahua at Parida, on the 22d of March, and pushed on with vigor toward Parral. At a place called Allende, if I am not much mistaken, Senor Muller halted the ambulance in front of a small, but solid looking house, which had a kind of lawn in front of it, and invited us to get out. We did so, and a man in extreme old age came out of the door and advanced feebly to meet us. Senor Muller pointed to a large, iron-like rock, fully five feet high and two feet in diameter, half buried in the ground, and said "There is something that fell from heaven!"

It was an aerolite and had fallen there in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The old man, in reply to Mr. Muller's shouted questions, for the ancient was very deaf, stated that it had fallen when he was a little boy, and had shaken the country for miles around. All his folks ran out of the house in their night clothes, his mother carrying him in his arms. It remained red hot for a day after it fell, and weighed over twenty tons at the time, but some of it had been broken off by relic hunters. The great Baron Humboldt had seen it during his tour in Mexico, and had recorded his experience in his book of travels.

Parral was then, and is yet, a great mining centre. Senor Muller had a number of German friends there, who treated us right royally, as, indeed, the Germans did everywhere we met them. The mines were almost a fac simile of those of Zacetacas and require no further description. We happened to stop over on Sunday, and, from the roof of the house at which I stopped, I witnessed a dozen cock fights in the pit beneath. All the birds wore steel spurs and fought to kill. Two fights resulted over these cruel affairs, and once knives were drawn, but a priest, who happened to be passing, rushed between the combatants and, no doubt, prevented bloodshed. It is a most vicious and debasing "sport," and should not be tolerated by any country claiming to be civilized. And it is not the poorer classes in Mexico who are its most ardent votaries. Cock fighting and bull fighting are the most revolting pastimes I have witnessed.

We left Parral on the morning of March 25, and proceeded by Santa Cruz and De los Nerios to the great hacienda of La Puenta del Agua (bridge of the water), where we encamped. La Puenta is the nucleus of a number of pueblitas which then mustered a population of several thousands. The people at the hacienda were in a state of rage against the Apaches or the ladrones, they could not determine which, who had run off a large number of their best horses, and also some horned cattle, the previous day. The overseer of the plantation—a keen, handsome Mexican of middle age—said that the Indians were growing troublesome and that we had better keep a sharp look out as we neared Chihuahua. It was on this day's journey that I observed a large herd of antelope among the hills on our left—the first I had seen in Mexico. They scented us at once, and fled with their usual speed, pausing occasionally—for they are very curious animals—to take observations.

Next day we took our siesta at the hacienda of Santa Rosalia, where we were waited upon by two Indian girls of tall stature and splendid proportions, exquisite specimens of the aboriginal race in its purity. Their faces had an Egyptian contour, and they were certainly comely enough to have served Pharoah's daughter for hand-maidens, when she discovered the infant Moses yelling amid the bullrushes of old Father Nile. By the way, the Conchos and Parral rivers form a confluence at Santa Rosalia, and, in consequence, there is an immense stretch of sandy bottom lands, which, in the dry period, gives the country a desert-like appearance.

That night we halted at that rarest of things in Mexico—a brand new town, built of adobe material and christened La Cruz. It was as ugly a place as can be imagined, and, being hemmed in by mountains, was as hot as a blast furnace.

The following day we made Sansillo by noon, and then proceeded to San Pablo, on the San Pedro river, where we halted for the night. Here a couple of our mules strayed off, and Senor Muller was in a towering rage; but, late in the forenoon, they were found and brought back.

March 28 found us on the last stage of our journey to Chihuahua, and we passed through the blood stained Ojito canon, in which the Apaches massacred people by the hundred only a few years previously. This pass was nearly a box canon—that is so precipitous on both sides, and so narrow, as to allow no ingress or egress except in front or rear. The chapparal grew thick among the fallen rocks close up to the wagon road on both sides—a most effective place for an Indian ambuscade—a circumstance which the wily savages fully appreciated. This place of skulls was finally made passable by the stationing of soldiers at both ends of the pass, but they had long been withdrawn, and as the Apaches were known to be again on the warpath, our party observed extreme caution in going through it. We all breathed easier, as the defile opened out into the plain; and Mr. Muller, pointing to a sharp peaked hill, a considerable distance in our front, said "Chihuahua lies just beyond that point of mountain."

I had noticed numerous large flocks of sheep on both sides of the road, both in the states of Durango and Chihuahua. They were generally well, but coarsely, wooled. On two occasions, Senor Muller purchased and butchered a fattish bleater, but the meat, when cooked, had a decidedly goaty flavor, which did not improve the appetite. The French army, by the way, lived mostly on mutton when in this part of Mexico. The men had orders to pay for everything they got, but, occasionally, they forgot about paying, or, like Mickey Free's paymaster, perhaps the money wasn't there.

It was late in the afternoon when we finally reached Chihuahua. Senor Muller and Don Federigo were soon smothered, so to speak, in the embraces of a matronly-looking lady, three fine girls—two of them exceedingly handsome—and a little boy and girl. They were the Muller family, mother and children. I was led into the handsome courtyard of a fine casa, built in the usual Spanish fashion, and told to make myself at home. This was rather difficult as the senoritas knew no English, and I knew next to no Spanish. My room was pointed out to me, and soon afterward I joined the family at supper. No one present at the meal spoke English but Senor Muller, Federigo and myself, so that I could hardly have been called an interesting companion.

I spent a very pleasant week at the Muller mansion, and made several excursions into the country with the family. On one of these, Don Federigo got out of the ambulance and sat beside the driver, leaving me alone with the senoritas. For the first time in my life, I was dumb in female society, and the young ladies laughed heartily at my predicament, while I have no doubt Federigo enjoyed my embarrassment hugely. At last the senoritas began pointing out to me objects, such as the road, cows, sheep, hills and soforth, to which they gave names in Spanish. In this way I learned more of the Mexican vernacular than during the rest of my stay in "the land of God and liberty."

But all pleasant sojournings must have an end. There still lay between me and the Rio Grande frontier, at El Paso del Norte, nearly three hundred miles of a most dangerous Indian country. I found time, however, while waiting for the weekly diligencia, to visit the theatre with my kind entertainers. Chihuahua used to be one of the most populous of Mexican cities, but, from a variety of causes, it had dwindled to about 12,000 inhabitants at the time of my visit. The mining interests, which used to be close up to the town, had moved far away, and the place exhibited most of the features of a city that had seen its best days. I think that matters have improved with Chihuahua since the advent of the railroad, but, in 1879, it was not a thriving burgh. A great many Germans, mostly from Missouri, like Senor Muller, had settled in the place and intermarried with the natives. This mixture of race, while it did not seemingly improve the physique, or the features, of the men, made the women strikingly lovely in many instances. In the family boxes of the theatre on the evening I attended, I observed tall, stately, golden haired blondes, with big, black Spanish eyes, and lashes that swept their peach-bloom cheeks. They were, also, faultlessly costumed, and, in short, were fit to be heroines of Burns' most impassioned love lyrics.

The Catholic vicar-general, whose name I find indecipherable in my notes, did me the honor of calling to see me. Although a native, of pure Spanish blood, he spoke English without perceptible foreign accent, and was a highly intellectual, if sometimes melancholy, man. He took a gloomy view of most things Mexican, but was evidently a sincere patriot. He was particularly annoyed at the want of reverence shown by the modern Mexicans toward historic monuments. For example, he said, the old monastery of Chihuahua in which the patriot priest Hidalgo, called the Mexican Liberator, was executed by the Spaniards, in 1811, was being torn down, for street extension purposes.

"What a desecration!" he exclaimed indignantly. "These people find fault with us priests, and yet we gave them their best and bravest leader. Oh, this sacrilege is shameful. I have not patience to think of it. How can a country prosper that is so forgetful of her great men?"

Subsequently, Senor Muller kindly volunteered to show me the scene of Hidalgo's tragical death, by moonlight. The ruined monastery, or convent, as the Mexicans call it, is situated about a mile from the main plaza of Chihuahua. We walked there briskly. The moon was nearly full, and threw a chastened radiance over the desolate aisle in which the noble Mexican Father died for his country. Leaving out the moonlight, it was a ghastly and ghostly spot.

"He showed no emotion, old men have told me," said Senor Muller, "when led out to die. He held a crucifix in his right hand, and the officer of the platoon pinned a white paper over his heart, to direct the aim of the soldiers. When all was ready, he said, in a low but firm tone, 'Into thy hands, my God. I commend my soul! Viva Mexico! Viva Libertad!' The volley belched forth and he fell dead right on this spot where we stand!"

In any other country, the ancient theatre of such a tragedy would have been religiously preserved. It is a bad omen, when the spirit of cold materialism usurps the fine sentiment of historic veneration in any people.

At last, at 2 o'clock in the morning of April 4, the parting time came, and I was compelled to say adieu to my kind friends, who insisted on staying up to see me off. The diligencia drove up on time. Clouds were flitting rapidly across the moon, and the night air was chilly, as I pressed the stalwart hand of Senor Muller for the last time, and stepped into the "overland." I was provided with a generous-sized lunch-basket, which was placed in the boot. The other "insides" were Colonel Gonzales, inspector-general of Mexican infantry; Captain Villegas, a young engineer officer from the Tacubaya Academy, and Senor Martinez, a "cattle king." A Mexican merchant from Paso del Norte occupied the seat beside the driver. We were duly introduced and the long journey began. I found the Mexican officers, although they could speak but little English, most agreeable traveling companions. They fraternized with me at once. Both were young—Gonzales medium-sized and stalwart, Villegas tall and rather thin. They were Castilians without a cross.

At our first halting place, they produced a case of Coahuila wine, and we drank to our better acquaintance. They divided whatever they had for my benefit, and I did my best to reciprocate; but the officers took little, if any, notice of our two traveling companions, who were pre-occupied business men, and as silent as a pair of oysters.

I noticed that my fellow-travelers were fully armed, while I had only a revolver of the Colt variety.

Captain Villegas, who possessed more knowledge of English than the colonel, explained that the Apaches had been raiding for some time in the state of Chihuahua, and they were obliged to be on their guard. We traveled through a very dry, sterile looking country, almost entirely given over to sheep raising, and passed by a number of haciendas, or ranches, in a sad state of decay. In some places the hillsides were ablaze with gorgeous cactus plants. On the second day, we met a military courier, who conveyed important information to the officers, but as he spoke rapidly in Spanish I could not gather what he said.

After a pause in our journey, which was not of long duration, Captain Villegas intimated that the Apaches were very troublesome in the country ahead of us, particularly near the river.

J. F. F.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

All this while, from day to day, crowds of stout men, many of them armed, flocked to O'Brien's company; but they uniformly melted off, as usual, partly compelled by want of provisions, partly under the influence of the clergy. The last time he had any considerable party together was at Ballingarry, where forty-five armed police had barricaded themselves in a strong stone house, under the command of a certain Capt. Trant, who certainly had the long-expected warrant to arrest O'Brien, but who was afraid to execute it until after the arrival of some further reinforcements. O'Brien went to one of the front windows and called on Capt. Trant to surrender. Trant demanded half an hour to consider, and got it. During this half hour, some of the crowd had thrown a few stones through the windows; and Capt. Trant, seeing that the people could not be controlled much longer by O'Brien, gave orders to fire. O'Brien rushed between the people and the window, climbed upon the window, and once more called on the police to surrender. At the first volley from the house two men fell dead, and others were wounded; and the crowd on that side fell back, leaving O'Brien almost alone in the garden before the house. [For a garden there certainly was; though whether the celebrated "cabbage" grew there, I shall not certainly vouch.] At the other side, Stephens and MacManus had been collecting some straw and piling it against the door, with the intention of burning the place and forcing the police out. But when O'Brien learned what they were about, he peremptorily forbade them to set fire to it. Why, I have never learned; but MacManus has since assured me that he almost kneeled to O'Brien for permission to go and fire his pistol into that straw; in vain. In the meantime, some priests made their appearance, and exhorted the people to go home and leave O'Brien to his fate; then, shortly after, sixty additional police marched up and relieved Capt. Trant. "His friends, then," says Mr. Doheny, "pressed Mr. O'Brien to retreat, which he refused. By long and passionate entreaty they induced him to mount the police officer's horse and retire."

Through all these scenes, O'Brien preserved the same calm and impassive demeanor, exposing himself ever foremost where there was danger, as he was always wont to do; but mere bravery is only one, and a quite minor one, of the qualities which fit a man to kindle an insurrection under such discouraging circumstances. Nor is it very clear that a Garibaldi could have gained victory, though he might have made, at least, a fight. Of course, the British were in high delight; and their press, with its usual delicate irony, named O'Brien the "hero of the cabbage garden."

In fact, there was no insurrection. The people in those two or three counties did not believe that O'Brien meant to fight: and nothing would now persuade them of that but some desperate enterprise. Yet they were all ready and willing; and, indeed, are at all times ready and willing to fight against English dominion. The English ought to be grateful to O'Brien, that his extreme punctilio about not striking the first blow, and his tender regard for human life, suffered the passion of the people to cool, and enabled the enemy to draw their toils around him. If he had at once raised the green banner, with the *Lamh Laidhir* on its folds, proclaimed Tenant-Right, disarmed all the neighboring police stations, and precipitated himself upon some garrison town, all Munster, Leinster, Connacht, and the half of Ulster would have been in resistless insurrection within one week. The enemy might have overpowered a population, unarmed and half-starved, like ours; but at least the Last Conquest, (Perhaps), would not have been consummated without one stalwart blow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

From the first moment that the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act placed the liberties of all Irishmen at the disposal of Lord Clarendon, the police received secret orders to arrest all leading Confederates, both in town and country. A return was, in the beginning of the next year, 1849, made to parliament of the number of persons, and their names, who were imprisoned under that law. There were 118 of them: including most of the very men on whom O'Brien might reasonably have relied to sustain his movement. They were all imprisoned in various jails, without any charge, or one word of explanation: removed in batches from one prison to some other in a distant part of the island, with no other object, apparently, but to exhibit them in chains and strike a wholesome terror into all spectators.

After O'Brien's party had dispersed at Ballingarry, he seemed no longer to value his life, and used no means to escape or conceal himself. He went openly to the railroad station at Thurles, where he was immediately pointed out to the police—pointed out, as he himself believes, by a member of the committee of the Confederation, a creature who appears to have some time before sold himself to the enemy. Meagher, Leyne and O'Donoghue were soon captured also; MacManus, after having almost escaped in an American ship, was at length taken. Dillon, O'Gorman, Reilly and Doheny all escaped out of the island, though long and closely pursued. I was, for months before, safe in my cell at Bermuda: Martin, Duffy, Williams and O'Doherty were all in their Newgate dungeons awaiting trial. Nobody was left at large over all the island, capable of initiating a bold movement: and, indeed, the peasantry were by this time so dispirited, so feeble, and so poor, that no such movement could have been attempted through their their means. The priests were signalizing their royalty by calming down all indignant feeling, and heartily abusing the defeated rebels; the middle classes were frightened and corrupted:—and the Conquest was consummated.

There remained for the enemy now only to confirm that conquest, and then to make a profitable use of it for England. First, the editors must be brought to trial under the new "Treason-Felony" Act: and O'Brien and his immediate comrades, under the common law, for the crime of "High Treason," having appeared in arms against the "government." Our enemies would gladly have dispensed with these trials, and removed their captives out of the way by a more summary process. But they were not to forget that they were a "liberal" government, and had a reputation to support before the world. Ireland was not Naples, (would to God she had been!) and political offenders could by no means be suffered to perish by long confinement, in subterranean dungeons, without trial. But then arose the question of juries: and the "government" knew full well that no jury in Ireland, impartially impanelled according to law, and really representing the nation, would convict one of those men for any offense whatever against a foreign government.

They could not refuse a trial; but one thing they could do, which the King of Naples had never learned,—they could pack the juries. No doubt, it was painful to have to pack juries again; how could Whig reputation endure it? But they hoped this would be the last time. They knew that in the eyes of Englishmen, the extreme urgency of the occasion would justify this one last tremendous fraud; and, like Ulysses, they could be honest afterwards. When I say, "in the eyes of Englishmen," I mean, in short, those Englishmen whose opinions and interests are alone consulted in the government of that country. To them it was an absolute necessity of their existence that Irish national movements should be crushed down by any means and all means—but it would be unjust to charge the mass of Englishmen with approving of the system of British government in Ireland. Most of them know nothing about it. Those people of the industrious classes, who do interest themselves somewhat in public affairs—that is, the Chartists—were utterly powerless, and were held in the profoundest contempt by those who own them, and own their industry and their lives. In truth, of the three peoples whom our enemies pretend to govern, they fear none but the Irish. The government, accordingly, gave the Chartists a significant hint, immediately after my "trial," that they were to mind their own business, and leave the settlement of Irish affairs to their betters. A large Chartist meeting was held in London, and indignant speeches were made, protesting against the packing of the "jury." Among others, Mr. Ernest Jones had said (and the detective police had taken down his words), that the people would triumph yet,—that a day would come when John Mitchel would return in triumph to his country, and Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon would be transported in his place! He was immediately brought to trial, convicted for sedition, and expiated his rash words by two years in a dungeon.

The Whig government, in short, felt that if they satisfied the men of rank and money in England, they did the whole duty of Whigs: and the men of rank and money were eagerly crying out to have the last embers of that national struggle stamped out.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GENERAL CAVANAGH.

That Is the Rank Conferred on the Veteran Colonel of the 69th New York by Governor Flower.

A brave, modest and most deserving soldier, Colonel James Cavanagh, of the 69th New York Regiment, has been signally honored by the governor of New York. The following record of the proceedings, taken from the *Irish World* will be of interest:

ALBANY, Feb. 8.—Colonel James Cavanagh of the 69th Irish Regiment was summoned to Albany today to see Governor Flower. Other officers of the 69th had been requested to be here at the same time. At about 3 p. m. Colonel Cavanagh and his associates were conducted to the executive mansion by Adjutant-General Porter. Others in the party were Assistant Adjutant-General Phisterer, Major Edward Duffy, Capt. D. C. McCarthy, Adjt. John Murphy, and Lieut. Patrick Farrelly. After they had greeted the governor, the latter holding in his hand a roll of white paper tied with green ribbons, stepped forward and thus addressed Colonel Cavanagh:

GOVERNOR FLOWER'S ADDRESS.

COLONEL CAVANAGH—You have come to Albany at the request of the commander-in-chief for a purpose which I dare say you did not guess. The object of your summons here is made possible by the many honorable years of service which you have given to your country and to your state. Your career as a soldier began at a time when patriotism incited military ardor, and whether in war or in peace few soldiers have ever shown greater fidelity in their service than yourself. You fought bravely and won distinction in the greatest cause for which human blood was ever shed. You fought for your country and for the equal rights of your fellow-men. You infused your energy and devotion into your commands and inspired your associates with your own courage and persistence.

Entering the military service of the state as a private in Company E of the 69th militia in 1852, you became successively first lieutenant and captain, and when the War of the Rebellion broke out you were among the first in battle. The return of your regiment from three month's service, after the first battle of Bull Run on July 21, 1861, did not quench your patriotism. With your comrades in the 69th militia you were largely instrumental in the raising of the 69th Regiment of Volunteers, of which you were commissioned major. With this regiment you served in the campaign of the Army of the Potomac in the Peninsula of Virginia, and took part in the siege of Yorktown, and the battles of Fair Oaks, Gaine's Mills, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill, and later at Antietem, in which contest you received high commendation from General Hancock for your gallant conduct. Severely wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., you were discharged from the army in May, 1863; but a few weeks later, having been commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the 69th militia, you were again at the front, serving in the Gettysburg campaign.

In November, 1867, you were commissioned colonel of your regiment, a position which you have held ever since. You are now the senior colonel on the active list of the National Guard of the state. Your manly disposition and soldierly ability have greatly endeared you to your thousands of friends in the National Guard, and have given you the respect and admiration of thousands more who have not the privilege of your personal acquaintance. Your long and creditable record deserves the fullest recognition.

The military code authorizes the commander-in-chief to confer brevet commissions of a grade next higher than the ordinary or brevet commission held by officers of the National Guard for gallant and meritorious service therein, upon the recommendation of their superior commanding officers. Availing myself of this authorization, and acting upon the recommendation of the adjutant general, I now have the honor of conferring upon you the brevet commission of brigadier-general. I believe this is only the second time that such a commission has ever been conferred upon a colonel in active service. You have earned it by your long and illustrious record, and, as your friend and your commander-in-chief, I take great pleasure in presenting you with this honorable commission.

Colonel Cavanagh was much overcome by the governor's address, and responded briefly and with much feeling. Before he had finished his remarks he broke down completely, and the governor relieved his embarrassment by taking him and his military associates into the dining-room.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, Lac Crosse and Winona; yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities St. Paul and Minneapolis. They know nothing, beyond hearsay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminus in the evening and arrive at the other terminus in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited with its outstanding lamps and other [illegible] appointments. [illegible] is superb. [illegible] train leaving [illegible] breakfast [illegible] Chicago each morning [illegible] business [illegible] the west [illegible] Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul [illegible] Minneapolis, Duluth [illegible] Chicago.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NIGHT RAID ON SLIGO.

"The wailing of women, the wild *ololu*,
Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey;
But loud through the plaints and the shrieks which ensue,
The war-cry is louder of men in array."

Several months had elapsed since the occurrence of the events described in the preceding chapter. The springtime had come and gone, and now the bloom and beauty of summer reigned over the land. Lough Gill was as bright and as lovely as ever, and the old woods of Breffny were bending beneath the weight of their luxuriant emerald foliage.

Midnight, on the 1st of July, 1642. A tranquil summer night, without one straggling cloud to veil the brightness of the stars or the soft, tender radiance of the crescent moon, or to mar the solemn serenity of the blue dome of heaven—the beautiful dome of nature's vast cathedral, illuminated by myriads of brilliant lamps, lit by the glorious hand of the Almighty—and now, as it were, bending lovingly and watchfully over one of the loveliest districts of northern Connacht, namely, that on the borders of Leitrim and Sligo. Silence, dead, heavy silence, lay over this wild and romantic region of rugged mountain crags, and spreading meadows, and hoary forests, and singing rivers—silence broken only by the long solitary howl of the prowling wolf, the dismal shriek of the night bird, and the mysterious music of the countless streams that rushed onward babbling and dashing to the sea. For, from the impetuous Erne to the Codhnach, or Cownah, of winding current, embracing the sea by Columbkille's hoary monastery and stately round tower—now no more—of Drumcliff, and thence to the beauteous stream of salmon—to use the expressive language of the old seanachie topographer—viz., the Arrow river, at Ballysadare, the country was almost a howling wilderness. The deserted dwellings of the Dartry, along the southern shore of Lough Melvin, of the famed green land of Ben Bulbin, of historic Carbury of the Battles, and of Calry of the Swords, whose "droppy, sandy, fine land, an angelic pure place of meetings," met the poetic praise of Giolla Iosa More Mac Firbis in the fifteenth century, stood open to the wolf; the grass had begun to spring on their cold and forsaken hearths. The brughaidhs who were not bearing arms in the forces of their countrymen had bid adieu to their poor huts and sheelings, and had removed with their wives and families to a more tranquil district. Even the friars of Creevelea had abandoned their ancient residence and sought shelter in Sligo. And so desolation and solitude reigned almost supreme.

For, why? The district was the chief theatre of war between the Irish and Puritan forces in North Connacht. Strengthened by new reinforcements and a large supply of ammunition, Manor-Hamilton still held out against the insurgents, whom the great want of artillery left but little hope of its reduction. Furious with rage at the burning of his town and mills, the vindictive Sir Frederick had since that event made several desperate night raids, extending for many miles in various directions into the country surrounding his stronghold. On these occasions he had glutted to a fearful degree his inhuman thirst for blood. Among his fiendish exploits was the surprising of the dwelling-house of the chieftain MacConsnava (a name anglicised to Ford), within ten miles of Manor-Hamilton, whenthe house was fired by his orders, and about sixty hapless human beings burnt therein to death. MacConsnava himself and his two daughters being brought to Manor-Hamilton, were there hanged, not even women obtaining mercy at the hands of the pitiless Scotch Puritan. On another night foray into Fermanagh, he and his crew surrounded and set fire to the house of Donagh Maguire. Donagh was absent but his wife and about forty other people perished in the flames, or escaped from their fiery prison only to fall by the steel of the "Albanach." No wonder, then, that the country for miles around Manor-Hamilton was a stark and silent desert.

The great haven of refuge for the fugitives from the wasted district was the town of Sligo, which now nestled peacefully and silently on the shore of its romantic bay, on whose strand the plashing wavelets were now rattling and jingling the innumerable shells which had given the place its name—Sligeach, the "river of shells." And yet, though nearly all its quaint old houses were crowded with an excess of guests and lodgers—mainly the late inhabitants of the neighboring scene of hostilities—Sligo was a place of little or no security in the case of an armed assault. The town itself was open, straggling, and indefensible. The ancient castle, which had been assaulted and carried over and over again by O'Conors and O'Donnells and MacWilliam Burkes, in the fighting times of old, was still standing, but in rather a dilapidated condition. Strong and stout enough it seemed to all appearance, like a sturdy old giant reposing after his battles, with all his scars, and wounds, and wrinkles about him; but its massive buttresses were cracked and crumbling, and its gray walls broken in many places, the large fissures looking like gaping wounds which the constant ivy endeavored in vain to bind. The massive gates, which the fiery Ulick Burke, after burying his skian in the body of the Elizabethan commander, George Bingham (in a dispute about the plunder which the pirates of the latter had brought hither from the monasteries of Tory Island and Rathmullan), had thrown open to the eager rush of Red Hugh's clansmen, were falling from their rusty hinges; the battlements from which the Tyrconnellians in the same year (1595) had rained down the rocks and beams that destroyed the English testudo or penthouse—thus preventing the sapping of the walls, and rendering abortive the efforts of Bingham's elder brother, the infamous Sir Richard, of execrated memory, to recover the place for Elizabeth—were in a decayed and ruinous condition. The earthen fort which in later days the gallant Sir Teague O'Regan and his Spartan band held long and well against the Williamites, was as yet unbuilt. In a word, Sligo was practically untenable, and liable to storm and sack at any moment.

In this old historic town of north Connacht, in an upper chamber of a two-story house, immediately on the north side of the old-fashioned bridge that spanned the Garravogue river, sat at that midnight hour two females, the one a young girl, the other an old wrinkled dame, whose gray hairs peeped from beneath her spiral headdress of linen.

"Och, och, agra machree," the latter was saying, in a cracked and feeble voice, "but 'tis you that has the lone and sorrowful story to tell;—but have patience, agra, have patience, for the saints in heaven know 'tis a common *sgeul* enough these times, bad as it is."

The tale the maiden had just finished was, indeed, not an unusual one at the time, so far as the main points went. Compelled at the outbreak of the insurrection to abandon her peaceful home, she had fled with her only brother westward into Mayo. There, in one of the picturesque valleys of Glen Nephin, she had obtained a secure and comfortable home in the family of a Milesian farmer, and her brother had returned to fight the battles of his country. After the lapse of nine months he had come and brought her back to her native place; and now, alas! she found that their once happy dwelling was but four bare and blackened walls, and that the dreadful war was raging as fiercely as ever. That very day her brother had marched out of Sligo with his regiment to encounter the enemy, leaving her in this home which he had procured her, in the care only of the old dame to whom she now disclosed her tale of vicissitude.

However, the stern and adverse fortune of war could not be said to have dealt harshly with the exquisite beauty of the Wild Rose.

The vigorous mountain breeze of Glen Nephin had kept the roses of her cheeks fresh and blooming and the berries of her lips ripe and red. Her dark eyes shone right brilliantly beneath the shade of their long silky lashes; her magnificent hair—which now, unfettered by ribbon or comb, streamed over her back and shoulders—was as dark, luxuriant, and glossy as ever. But there was a lingering expression of weary anxiety and mental pain now visible on her countenance.

"But, colleen machree, sure sitting up at this time o' night will do nobody any good," continued the old woman;—"and, more betoken, 'tis little good fretting will do any o' us. To bed, alanna, to bed."

"I cannot sleep, Noreen, I cannot sleep. Go you to bed, I beg of you, for you are in sore need of sleep. As for me, there has been a dark, dark cloud over me this whole day, ever since poor Niall went away. I feel so lonely—oh, so sad and Comely!"

And a long-drawn sigh escaped from Kathleen's lips.

"Lonely!" echoed the dame;—"arrah, asilish machree, that's only natural; but bear up against it, like the brave little girl that you are. *Na bia bron ort*, as the old song says. My soul to heaven, but your brother Niall looked every inch of a brave young suidheara as he marched out the Dromahaire road this morning, with his musket on his shoulder, in the ranks of our own county Sligo boys, with Teig O'Conor Sligo himself riding at their head, with our bold MacDonogh by his side—my hearty blessing, and *ma seacht mile beannacht* (my seven thousand blessings) go with them! Don't fret, agra; Niall will be back to you soon, when the cruel Albanachs are driven away."

"But I've had such an awful dream—" commenced Kathleen.

"Wirra, wirra, listen to this," exclaimed the worthy consoler; "was there ever such raumash? Sure, agra, you ought to leave dreams and all such pisthrogues to foolish old calliaghs like me—ha, ha! Sure, I had such a terrible dream last night—such a dream as would frighten all the old women in Sligo—full of coffins and skulls and corpses, the Lord save us? And I don't care a traneen for it, after all—ha, ha, ha!"

A merry cackle broke from the hearty dame, who strove hard to dispel the gloom that seemed to hang over her young charge. But the latter remained pensive and despondent.

"Och, avourneen dheelish, have courage," resumed the dame, impatiently; and then, with a happy thought, added: "Sure it's proud and happy you should be to have a fine, abie brother to strike a blow for the old country."

The effect was great and instantaneous.

"And it's proud and happy I am, Noreen O'Hart."

The young girl arose and drew herself up proudly to her full height. How like a queen she looked, so erect and stately, with all her old Irish clan pride, hot and chivalrous, beaming in her face! Delighted at the adroit stratagem by which she had thus suddenly raised the impulsive spirits of the daughter of the Clan Cuirnin, the old woman clapped her withered hands in sudden glee.

"That's my own brave colleen!"

"Hear me, Noreen," exclaimed the young girl, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing with enthusiasm;—"not one drop of my brother's blood or of my own would I begrudge in the cause of creed and country. But, oh, may God guard Niall—and Edmund!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ghlaodh Goillis aris, "thug tu d'éitheach, chonnairc me tobar agus srothán uisge, ceathramhadh mile ó'n teach so nuair bhi me tighcacht." D'fhan an t-scan-bhean le leath-mhóimid 'nna tost, agus ann sin d'fhreagair sí, "Ni fheudann duine air bith an t-uisge sin d'ól, tá sé searbh." "Ni chreidim thu," ar Goillis, "is breuga andhiaigh a chéile tá tu ag innsint."

Bhi inghean an Righ sgannruighthe go mór leis an obair do bhi dul air aghaidh, agus ni raibh fhios aici creud do bhi ann. Bhi ann codladh ann a stáil fós, agus d'fheuch sí mar do bheidheadh si bodharuighthe leis an troid agus sgreadaoil. "Cad d'éirigh dhuit i n-ainm Dé? a Ghoillis, O innis dam é," ar sí, "agus na tacht an bhean bhocht, fág i, na bain le mnaoi laig."

Acht cia bé ambrus do bhi ag Goillis i dtosach ni raibh ambrus air bith aige anois nach raibh an chailleach ag imirt feille orra, agus d'innis sé an t-iomlán i g-cúpla focal do'n mhnaoi óig, agus dubhairt sé go mbudh h-ia chómhairle-sean an chailleach do cheangailt le córda air eagla go leanfadh si iad no go ndeunfadh si dochar air bith dhóibh, agus an teach d'fhágbháil air an mómaid sin. "Is agad-sa tá an fios ó'n fheárr," ar san bhain-phrionnsa, "agus deunfaidh mise rud air bith a dhéarfas tu liom."

"Feicim ropa ann sin annsa' g-cléid," ar Goillis, "agus seachaid dam é." Sheachaid siso an rópa dhó. Cheangail sé lámha na cailligheo an taobh shiar dhi air a druim, agus dfháisg sé a cosa le chéile, agus leag sé air an urlár i, i riocht nach dtiucfadh léithe corrughadh, agus ann sin d'fhágbhail 'nna ndiaigh, agus rinne siad an oiread deifre agus d'fheud siad ónnsan oidhche, ag brisedh bóthair dóibh féin ameasg na g-crann agus na sgeach.

Thainig an ghealach amach faoi dheire go geal, agus fuair siad go raibh siad i réidhteach mór lán de chollitibh beaga crann, agus de chrannaibh móra ag fás leo féin, agus bhi an feur fada agus tiugh ann. Ni raibh fhios aca cad é an rud b'fheárr dóibh dheunamh anois, ná an bóthar b'fheárr dóibh a leanamháint, agus mar sin rinne siad cómhairle eatorra féin go mbéidheadh sé chomh maith dhóibh fanamhaint mar bhi siad go dti an mhaidin, agus ann sin b'éidir go dtiucfadh leo casán bualite no bóthar éigin d'fhághail, do bhéarfadh amach iad go tir a raibh daoine ann, aris.

Dubhairt Goillis go mbudh fheárr dóibh dul anas i gcrann air eagla go bhfeicfádhe iad, no go ndeunfadh beitheach no aon rud eile dochar no anachain dóibh dá bhfanfadh siad mar do bhi siad, agus bhi inghean an Righ réidh le dul áit air bith budh mhian leisean, mar budh aige-sion do bhi an chómhairle do b'fheárr, ó'n lá d'fhág siad an baile, agus bhi sise fóghlaim taobh mhór do thabhairt dó, agus go mór-mhór anois, ó chuaidh sí chomh fogus sin do bheith cailite mar gheall air a h-amadántacht féin, nuair nár éist sí leis, an tráth do luidh sí faoi an g-crann 'nna h-aonar.

Chuaidh siad suas annsan gcrann budh mhó aca, a raibh a ghengáin analce leis an talamh, agus chuaidh Goillis air ítús, agus tharraing sé inghean an Righ 'nna dhiaigh. Ni raibh siad bhfad i bhfolach ann sin, no gur chualaidh siad torann mór ag teacht, mar dhuine éigin ag brisedh trid na sgeachaibh agus ag bróghadh na geipin faoi na chois. Thainig an rud nios foisge agus nios foisge, agus faoi dheire chonnaire siad go soilléir gurb'é an fathach do bhi ann, agus bhi inghean na sean-chailligheo ag rith le na thaoibh. Chuaidh siad thart, go direach faoi an gcrann ann a raibh an bheirt 'nna suidhe, agus chualaidh siad é ag rádh le h-ingbin na sean-chailligheo, "budh chóir dúinn bheith i n-am le breith orra, ni racha sise as mo láimh aris, is faide liom 'ná uair gach móimid no go leagfaidh mé mo mheura uirri."

Do chraith an bhean óg nuair chualaidh si na focla áidhbheula sin, agus rug sí air láimh Ghoillis, agus d'fháisg sí i, le taisbéant dó an méad buidheachais do bhi aici air son a chómhairle-sean, an bothán d'fhágbháil go tráthamhail. Chuaidh an fathach agus a chomráid air a naghaidh rómpa, agus bhi siad gan mhoill imtheighthe as a radhare.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

ANCIENT ORDER EXERCISES.

Several Intellectual Gatherings Held in Different Parts of the City.

Eloquent Addresses Delivered by Prominent Members.

The oldest and most prominent of the many Irish national and benevolent societies is that known as the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America. During the past few years this association has been somewhat divided by reason of internal division as to the manner of governing the society. Disunion in the Irish ranks has ever been the fatal flame which laid waste Irish aspirations, destroyed their forces, and has engendered in the minds of their enemies the idea that the Irish race are incapable of self-government. The Ancient Order of Hibernians is now a united body, all difference of opinions have been settled and the board of directors and members meet upon a common standard of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity. In view of these facts during the past few weeks much interest and enthusiasm have been displayed by the members, new life inspired; and a very large increase in its membership has been the result. The principles of this association command popular Irish approval. In its constitution it declares that "It behooves the Catholic children of the Irish race to enroll themselves beneath a common standard in the cause of church, country and mutual aid." It further commands them to visit the sick, bury the dead and relieve the distressed and to look after the welfare of its members and their families.

During the past few weeks the meetings in the various divisions have been largely attended and quite a number of pleasant reunions have been inaugurated. The first of these social events took place at South Chicago in January last and it was indeed an event which will long be remembered by all who enjoyed the pleasure of being present. The reunion was held in the largest hall in South Chicago, and was crowded with ladies and gentlmen, residents of that progressive town.

The proceedings were begun by Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan, brother to Rev. Father Timothy O'Sullivan, of that place, and known in that section as one of the most popular and indefatigable workers in the cause of Irish nationality. After extending a cordial welcome to all, Mr. O'Sullivan introduced Bro. Keating as the chairman of the evening. In his address, which was eloquent, he traced the rise and progress of the order and congratulated the members on the happy event which had brought unity and Christian charity. The chairman then introduced Rev. Father Byrne, of Irving, Ind., to respond to the sentiment Columbia.

The Rev. Father dwelt at some length on the blessing of civil and religious liberty—which is guaranteed to all men under the constitution of the United States. The progress of civilization, and the marvelous advancement of the Irish race, commercially, socially and throughout the different walks of life. Major W. C. McClure, of Division 17, Chicago, being called upon, addressed the meeting on the mottoes of the order. The major dwelt on each of the virtues symbolized in the mottoes of the Hibernians, and applying them as duties to be practiced by every member of the order. Unity was the cardinal virtue to be cultivated by the Irish race, for its absence was the fatal defect through which many a battle had been lost. The cultivation of these virtues formed a grand constellation illuminating the spiritual and moral world. Bro. Cunnea, of Division No. 36, responded to the sentiment, "The Ladies." The speaker was suffering from a severe cold, but managed to make a graceful and happy reply. He said the daughters of Ireland in their brightness and personal worth and stainless purity stand preeminent in the world, and the term Irish girl has become a synonym of every excellence that pertains to woman's character and that distinguished our fair countrywomen. Poets and orators have made their virtues immortal in song and story. We cannot heighten the glories of a summer sunset or add splendor to tints of the rainbow or gild with praise the worth of Ireland's daughters. County Delegate P. B. Flanagan, of Division No. 17, concluded the literary exercises of the evening.

He reviewed the history and struggles of the order in the last few years and congratulated the members on the happy culmination of their late unpleasantness and predicted for the society a brilliant success in the future. He then referred to the struggles of the Irish race. High up on the scroll of fame, honored names are inscribed reflecting undying glory on the checkered history of a race, which, though still in bondage, is yet unconquered. False indeed would Irishmen be, if, after the sacrifices in blood of twenty generations, they should forfeit their natural right to an independent government.

During the evening vocal and instrumental music was furnished by the ladies. Recitations were given, elegant refreshments were served. The pleasures of the ball-room were indulged in until the small hours had come and gone.

The second reunion of the order took place along in this month at the first meeting of Division No. 17, in their new and tasteful hall, corner of 31st street and Wentworth avenue. On this occasion quite a number of new members were introduced by card and invitation. After the conclusion of the regular business of the division, the president introduced Bro. Cunnea, of Division No. 36, as the chairman of the evening. Bro. Cunnea congratulated the members on the growing and healthy condition of the order, the pleasure of meeting the brothers in their new home and the happy auspices which brought them together. Rev. Father Greene addressed the meeting on the principles of the society, from a spiritual, political and social standpoint, concluding with a tribute to the Irish race at home and abroad.

Rev. Father M. O'Sullivan next addressed the meeting on the advantages to be derived from membership in the order, and in a truly practical address he counseled the young men to become members of the association, and thus assist in maintaining and defending that church, of which all the brothers are recognized members. Bros. Keating, McClure, Flannigan and others delivered enthusiastic addresses which were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. Refreshments were served and the social event was concluded with the audience singing "God Save Ireland."

The third social reunion took place Thursday evening, Feb. 9, and was given by Division No. 19 in the large and elegantly equipped Columbia Hall, corner of Halsted and 37th streets. The spacious building was crowded to excess. The president of the division introduced Bro. P. B. Flannigan, of Division No. 17, as the presiding officer on the occasion. The chairman said that he deeply appreciated the high honor conferred in being invited to preside over so large and magnificent a body of men. It was evident that the principles of the Ancient Order of Hibernians were deep seated in the Irish heart. Loyalty to church, country and mutual aid are near and dear to the Irish people, and one of the cherished aims of the order is to aid and assist our race in shaking off Saxon rule on Irish soil. [Applause.]

The chairman then introduced Rev. Father Cartan, the esteemed pastor of the Church of the Nativity, who said that it afforded him much pleasure to be present on that occasion and to encourage them in their wise and patriotic efforts in building up a society so closely allied to and an important factor in sustaining the Catholic church. He appreciated the social features of the evening's enjoyment as tending to cement and create brotherly love and affection and urged the young men of the parish to unite themselves with the order and thus become better Catholics, better citizens, happier in this world as in the world to come. The Rev. Fathers Greene, O'Sullivan and McCormick followed, all extending the kindest words, eulogizing the objects of the Hibernians and inviting the young men to join their ranks and direct their efforts in the cause of church, country and mutual aid.

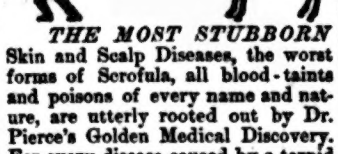
Bro. Keating was then introduced and recited with vigor and much ability, demonstrating his talents as an elocutionist that stirring poem. "Fontenoy," which had the effect of bringing down the house with ringing cheers.

State Delegate Henley, of Division No. 17, was the next speaker. He pointed out the necessity for unity in the ranks of all Irishmen. We have enemies who hate us as Catholics and because of our race. The finger of scorn is pointed at us by the United Order of Deputies, Patriotic Sons of America, American Protestant Associations and other know-nothing societies. The Ancient Order of Hibernians present a common platform upon which all brethren join in promoting and defending faith and fatherland. He concluded by inviting such as desired to become members of the order, and thus be in a position to repel the attacks of all who hate our race.

Major McClure was then introduced as an exponent of Irish national thought. He sketched the progress of the Irish cause in the past hundred years and contended that the reforms conceded were wrung from England through the advocacy of physical force. He dwelt on the all-absorbing subject of the liberation of the Irish political prisoners now languishing in British prisons. He argued for Home Rule and concluded with the hope that the day was not far distant when Ireland would be once again a nation. The fond dream of the Irish heart, a sentiment full of tradition, devotions and the aspirations of the Irish people. It had nerved the arm of the soldier and cheered the wanderings of the Irish exile.

The literary exercises were interspersed with songs and dances. The world-renowned Prof. Murphy with his Irish bagpipes, three violins and the Church of the Nativity Fife and Drum Corps furnished music. Refreshments of every kind were served and the proceedings continued to a late hour. The entertainment was a success in every way and reflected the highest credit on Divison No. 19.

The object of these reunions is for the purpose of stimulating the members to greater activity with the view of increasing the membership and bringing back such as have fallen away during the past few years, and also for the purpose of giving greater effect to the new bond of union, cementing the brotherhood in stronger ties, and thereby accomplishing great results. All the entertainments so far have provided a remarkable success, and ere many months the Ancient Order of Hibernians will be a stronger and more powerful organization than ever before. ULADH.



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Skin and Scalp Diseases, the worst forms of Scrofula, all blood-taints and poisons of every name and nature, are utterly rooted out by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so certain and effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

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Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I say, Yes*; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEKKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

SHE TURNED THE TABLES.

How a Little Homely Knowledge Saved a Young Lady Much Discomfort.

A young lady through her knowledge of housewifery rather turned the tables upon a would be jester one day and let that individual, who was of the male persuasion, into a little secret of considerable importance to those who have occasion to work in the kitchen as amateurs.

The two were members of a party visiting an Adirondack camp in the Saranac lake region. Every one was well acquainted, and the days passed merrily away until a heavy rainstorm drove the ladies and the less enthusiastic fishermen indoors and compelled them to seek other forms of amusement. The rain continued to fall almost without intermission for several days, and as a means to relieve the monotony the gentleman already referred to proposed that the various members of the party try their hand at cooking the next meal.

Permission was obtained from the host, the members of the party laughingly agreed to the proposition, and the guide, whose duty it was to act as cook, was for the time sent about other business. The gentleman acted as chef, and with a knowledge obtained from serving on the house committee of a prominent New York club proceeded to assign various work to his aids and appointed the young lady first vegetable cook for the express purpose of making her peel onions, the odor of which she loathed.

When the party adjourned to the kitchen to begin preparations, a large supply of strong odored red onions was brought to the lady, and she was requested to remove the outer cuticle. The acting chef and the others who had been let into the secret made merry over the supposed discomfiture of the first vegetable cook, but the latter smiled sweetly and uttered no protest.

"Bring me a deep pan," she said to her helper, and when this was produced she filled it to the brim with water. Then she tucked up her sleeves to the elbow, showing just the prettiest pair of arms in the world, and removing her rings set to work peeling the onions under water with a deftness that showed how familiar she was with the work and depriving it of all its offensiveness.

It was a revelation to the man, who had looked either for a vigorous protest, or had expected to see the eyes of the vegetable cook water from the effects of the onion juice. The amateur dinner was in every way a success, but none of the cooks achieved a greater triumph than the one whose practical experience showed to the others the common sense method of peeling onions.—New York Herald.

A Life Work.

Mr. Sutherland got hold of a prodigious Clarendon and Burnet and made it the richest and most extensive pictorial history in existence or ever likely to be in existence. He found nearly 19,000 prints and drawings for it and no less than 731 portraits of Charles I, 518 of Charles II, 352 of Cromwell, 278 of James II and 220 of William III. If, remarks Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, we only think how few are the portaits of Charles I, and these mostly copies after Vandyke, we shall have an idea of the labor and exploration necessary to gather up the 731. Think also of the pains and cost in cleaning, "laying down," "insetting," and "inlaying" these portraits, the binding, arranging, etc., and we shall not be surprised to learn that this folly occupied the fanatical Sutherland such a lengthy portion of his life.

When finished, it filled 67 huge volumes and had cost £12,000! We may conceive all the visitings of print shops, the turning over boxes of prints, the groveling among winds and lanes, the correspondence and the endless paying of money! To give a finish to his labors a catalogue was prepared of all the engravings. This filled two great quartos. At Sutherland's death the work was carried on by his widow, who is reported to have given as much as £80 for a single plate!—Temple Bar.

Peculiarities About Tramps.

"A fact about your professional vagrant or tramp is that they never want to go back to the place from where they were sent," says a penitentiary superintendent. "For instance, if one is sent in from along the Susquehanna road, on his discharge he usually requests to be sent north, east or south, or any direction that will take him away from that in which he was apprehended.

"Only the other day a tramp sent from Otsego begged to be sent to Hudson. He begged so hard that I gave him a ticket to Hudson. The next day he was back again. 'They pulled me as soon as I stepped from the train,' he said. County officers, you see, are always on the lookout for tramps because of the mileage received for bringing them here. Work? No, they wouldn't show any inclination or desire for work if they had to lay in the penitentiary for months. But we compel them to earn their keep, very much to their disgust. Usually I set them to work cane seating chairs."—Albany Journal.

Mrs. Mossman Was Petrified.

In June, 1884, Mrs. Abigail Mossman was interred at the Hazelwood cemetery in Poweshiek county, Ia. Not long since relatives determined to remove the remains to another cemetery. The workmen engaged to perform the job found the coffin filled to overflowing with red colored mineral water. This was drained off, whereupon it was found that the corpse, with the exception of the fingers and toes, was perfectly petrified. The hair was perfectly natural, as was also a bouquet of roses that lay on her breast. After a thorough examination by relatives and friends the coffin was again closed and covered in.—St. Louis Republic.

A Kind Mistress.

It was raining in torrents.

"Julie!" said madam to her maid, "be quick and run across to the milliners and tell her not to forget my hat."

"Can I take Azor out with me, madam?"

"Are you mad, Julie? Can't you see for yourself that the weather is not fit to turn a dog out of doors?"—Evenement.

A SNOWSTORM.

Feather light and feather soft and feather flying swift,
The snow came down the livelong night and piled in heap and drift.
The barns were roofed with silver sheen, the fences glimmered white,
For far and near the barefoot elves had journeyed in the night.
The baby at the window clapped dimpled hands in glee;
This was indeed a bonny world which he had come to see.
The sturdy boys were loath to wait, their eyes on fire to go
And fight and measure arms against the legions of the snow.

And feather light and feather soft the flying fleeces piled
Above the fields where food was sown for many a hungry child,
For while men sleep the great God keeps a watch for things to grow,
And his world's bread is always safe beneath his brooding snow.
The snow fell on the upland, on the lonely graveyard space,
And the snow fell on the lowland near many a dwelling place.
And everywhere 'twas pure and fair, and dropped its shining fleece
As if the angel of the Lord had hushed its heart to peace.
—Elizabeth Chisholm in Harper's Bazar.

SAVED THE TRAIN.

The bridge was a trestle bridge, long and lofty and very slender.

In Bar Island City life concentrated itself upon the bridge. There were painters and carpenters, watchmen and plate layers, smiths, signalmen and engineers.

These, with their families, a few hangers on and some railroad officers who had made the "city" their home, constituted the whole of the settlement.

And with all of them the bridge seemed to dominate every other interest. It was their great topic of conversation. They were proud of being connected with it. They felt a kind of proprietorship in the huge spidery structure.

It was a sociable little community, too; much given to hospitality and taking, as is the custom of all small communities, a profound interest in the private affairs of its individual members.

As the Widow Rockwell put it, in discussing with Mr. Shaw of the City hotel the marriage recently arranged between his daughter and Jeff Davis:

"It's jest like's if there was a weddin in every house all over town."

Had the old people witnessed a little scene which was even then being enacted down below in the valley they might have been less confident.

Along the river bank, where a rough track wound in and out with the windings of the stream, a man and a girl were strolling moodily side by side.

The man did most of the talking. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a fair beard and mustache and a face that would have been pleasant and good humored under ordinary circumstances. But it was clouded now, and he spoke discontentedly, almost querulously.

"Who is he, 'Thea, anyway?"

"I dunno. How should I?"

They walked on in silence until they found themselves immediately underneath the bridge, with the great network of beams and crossbeams towering above their heads.

"'Thea, I don't like to see you an that fellow chummin up so close together. Who is he? What's he doin here?"

"There ain't no call for you to like him's far as I can see," retorted the girl. "An as for who he is an what's his business, he ain't told me, an I'm not goin to ask him."

"I'm sorry, 'Thea," the man answered humbly. "I didn't mean no offense to him or you, but I thought he might ha' told you somethin about himself. An he's had plenty o' chances o' telling you things, seems to me."

"S'posin he has, what then?"

"What then? Why, 'Thea, I'm frightened of this man; jealous of him, if you like. 'Thea, he hasn't been sayin anything—anything foolish to you?"

The girl was leaning against one of the supports of the bridge, her head thrown up and resting on the timber, her hands clasped behind her back. She just shifted the position of her head, so as to look the man straight in the eyes, and said in a quiet, dangerous tone:

"I dunno what you mean, Jeff."

"Then you dunno what they're sayin up yonder?"

"If they're sayin things 'gainst me'n Mr. Burton, they'll be precious careful not to say 'em to me, I guess, or they'd be some trouble for some one before long."

"An if I tell you"——

"That's what I am waiting for now."

The young man hesitated before replying. The threat of "trouble for some one," and a peculiar note of challenge in the girl's voice as she uttered it, told him that he was on perilous ground.

"I'm waitin to hear what they've got to say 'bout me'n Mr. Burton."

And at last he blurted out very clumsily and shamefacedly the cause of his complaint.

"They're sayin—mind, 'Thea, I don't set no store by sech talk—they're sayin as how he's been sparkin up to you an foolin you, an I—I"——

"And you believed them?"

"No, I say I don't take no 'count of their talk, 'Thea."

"Then why are you tellin me all this?"

The man was silent, not knowing how to answer. He felt himself to be no match for Althea in an argument.

"'Thea," he stammered awkwardly, "I didn't believe a word of it, only I—I didn't know what to believe, seein him always foolin around you, an you listenin to him an all."

"Oh!" Her voice trembled a little now. "An that's 'bout enough, I reckon. You believed's how Mr. Burton was makin love to me, an you believed's how I listened to him. Is that so, Jeff?"

"I—I s'pose so," he answered rather shamefacedly. And then for a time neither spoke. At last Althea broke the silence.

"An you think I'm goin to marry a man that can't trust his wife more'n that? You think I'm goin to marry a man that believes every word o' them gossipin old women up town, an then daren't say what he believes an what he doesn't? You didn't mean no offense, an I don't take none. Only there's no more talk of marryin between you an me. See?"

Jeff didn't see at all. Half dazed and not quite understanding what it all meant to him, he "'lowed's how it might be best that way, may be."

Althea had scarcely counted upon this. She expected something altogether different—protests, perhaps petitions for forgiveness, a final victory for herself.

She had never intended him to accept his dismissal at her hands in this way, and his blank amazement, which she took for indifference, annoyed her.

"So that's fixed; is it, Jeff?"

"I s'pose so." Jeff spoke shortly and, as she thought, sullenly. And again there was a long silence.

"I reckon I'll have to go away now," Jeff said presently, as though thinking aloud. "I'm on duty up to Mount Severn depot tonight, an tomorrow evenin I'll come down an take my traps an move 'em over there." Then, after a pause, "Good night, 'Thea."

Once she started and half opened her lips to call him back, but pride and the sight of his determined bearing as he strode away tied her tongue, and she let the opportunity pass.

After all, Jeff was only one among a whole townful of admirers, and if he didn't care why should she?

Besides, there remained the cause of all this trouble, the young engineer Burton, who had come down to inspect the bridge and had found the accommodation of the City hotel so much to his taste.

True, Burton himself would not have confessed to anything more than the most harmless flirtation—a flirtation laid upon rather bolder lines possibly than he would have followed with girls of his own class, but certainly nothing more serious.

The storm that had been threatening all the afternoon broke soon and suddenly—such a storm as the Bar Island valley had not known for many years. All that night it raged and well on to the next day, and Althea, sitting by herself at home, had ample leisure to think matters over.

Her feeling at first was one of freedom and consequent relief.

But this feeling was short lived, and when it passed it left her very lonely.

Burton was out, facing the storm down by the bridge.

But she did not think of him somehow. Her mind kept reverting to the thought of Jeff, puzzling over his strange indifference of the previous evening, wondering whether she had understood him rightly.

And by midday she found herself in a very agony of remorse and humiliation. Yes, she had treated Jeff shamefully.

She had dismissed him heartlessly, wantonly and without cause. And now she would have given all the world to be able to call him back again.

At last she could bear it no longer. The close atmosphere of the room seemed to suffocate and choke her. Rain or no rain, she must get out of the house and breathe fresh air if only for half an hour.

So throwing a shawl over her head and shoulders, she slipped quietly out and walked, alone and unnoticed, down the deserted street.

Insensibly her steps tended toward the bridge. In the old days—she thought of that time as though it had been years and years ago—she and Jeff used often to walk some way out along the bridge and stand enjoying the magnificent view up and down the valley.

Twilight had fallen before she stepped on to the bridge, but the way was so familiar to her that she did not notice this.

The rain had ceased, and the wind, though still strong enough at that great height, had abated considerably since morning. Althea faced it and drew long, refreshing breaths as each gust struck at her out of the darkness.

The cool air seemed to brace and exhilerate her spirits, and the novelty of her position, suspended between earth and sky, with blind, empty space on all sides of her, gave her a curious sense of detachment and mental exaltation. She forgot Jeff—forgot all her own troubles.

But home and everything in her past life seemed so distant, so vague and insignificant, that she easily dismissed the matter from her mind and pressed on again. The bridge swayed slightly in the wind. She must be just above the river now, she thought.

Suddenly the hand rail by which she had been guiding herself slipped from her grasp. The speed at which she was walking carried her on a pace or two, and then she stopped, struck with a momentary fear, and groped after the rail with her hand.

Not finding it she stepped cautiously backward and touched it just at the point where she had let it go. The rail was broken off short, the wood jagged and splintered. And at the same moment a squall shook the bridge and sent Althea down on her hands and knees, clutching at one of the foot planks and straining every muscle to hold herself against the wind.

She was not frightened in the least. Slowly for perhaps 10 or 12 feet she crawled along in this manner, and then one hand put out very cautiously before the other missed the plank and found only empty space.

Again she stretched out the hand, this time to right and left as far as she could reach, and again it found nothing. There was no more bridge!

Althea raised herself into a sitting posture, drawing her feet up under her skirts and resting upon one arm. She must consider this thing that had happened.

She tried to realize Bar Island City without the bridge. No daily arrival or departure of the trains to lend a little interest to its quiet existence. No train tomorrow morning.

No train. Good God! There would be a train tonight—the train that was due to cross the bridge in about an hour's time, and—Althea's heart stood still as the remembrance came to her—and Jeff was coming back by it! In that moment all her heroism, all her false sense of security, passed and left her weak, dizzy and trembling.

In that one moment there had flashed into the girl's mind the knowledge that upon her and her only depended the safety of that train, with its living, unconscious freight, among them the man whom she herself had sent to face this hidden danger, to meet an almost certain death.

But there was the work to be done, and she must do it somehow. Further, she must do it unaided. The time was too short to allow of her getting back to the city and sending a messenger across the valley. And of course the telegraph wires had broken when the bridge gave way.

No, there was only one way open to her, and its chances were all against success.

The sky had cleared a little, and it was just possible now to see the point at which the bridge came to an end and the black chasm that lay beyond it. Out of the darkness projected the end of a long pole, which had been horizontal, but which now rested at a sharp angle, wedged tightly among other beams that crossed it far below out of sight.

Althea took a firm hold of this pole, leaned all her weight on it to test its stability, and then with a terrible sinking at her heart swung off into the darkness. Almost immediately her foot struck another beam, and to this she lowered herself cautiously.

It was also firm enough to bear her weight, and she found a whole stack of loose timbers resting against it, by which she was able to drop lower still.

The ruin, which had fallen toward and not away from her end of the gap, now lay piled so close that the descent was not really difficult.

It was the darkness and the uncertainty that she feared. Once or twice a timber gave away beneath her weight and fell, dragging a number of others down with it.

And once the end of a beam to which she was hanging swung seesaw fashion, and lowered her gently 10 or 12 feet before it overbalanced itself and swung off from its central pivot, landing her almost miraculously on firm footing.

And so down and down scrambling, swinging, falling, she kept on her way until at last, after what seemed to her an interminable length of time, she saw the glimmer of broken water below her, and knew that she had almost reached the stream.

She checked herself, and leaning forward peered down into the darkness. There was a sheer drop, though of what distance she had no means of judging, between her and the water, and she could find no means of getting either to right or left. So, shutting her eyes tightly and swinging to the full length of her arms, she let herself go.

The signalman on the farther side of the Bar Island valley bridge had just finished his supper and settled himself comfortably by the stove to enjoy his evening pipe when he was roused by the sound of footsteps stumbling up the ladder that led to his box.

A moment later he saw the figure of a girl framed in the doorway. Her dress was torn, drenched with water and thickly plastered with mud. Her long, dark hair, tangled and dripping, hung about her shoulders, and a thin stream of blood was trickling down her face from a cut on the forehead.

For an instant the man sat and stared at her, dazed and silent. Then he recognized Althea and leaped to his feet.

"The train!" she gasped. "The train! Has it passed yet?"

"No; train's half an hour behind time, but she's about due now, I reckon."

"Thank God! I'm in time, then. Stop them! Stop the train, for God's sake! The bridge—the bridge is gone!"

The man looked incredulously at her. Then, beginning to grasp the truth, he snatched a red lantern from the wall and without a word rushed down the ladder and out onto the track.

Ten minutes later the cabin was invaded by an eager, curious crowd of passengers and officers. Jeff, who had been traveling in the car in the rear of the train, was among the last to enter.

Coming out of the darkness into the lighted room he only saw the signal man standing in the center of an excited throng and trying vainly to answer all their questions at once. Snatches of conversation reached Jeff through the buzz of voices.

"Brave girl."

"All owe our lives to her."

"Splendid heroism."

And, while he wondered what it all meant, a hand was laid timidly on his arm, and a tired, pleading voice whispered:

"Take me out of this, Jeff. I can't stand it any longer."

And Jeff looked around and saw her and began to understand.—Daniel H. Conner.

A Bachelor's Reason.

The people of Wyoming who permit women to vote are apparently not in sympathy with the English bachelor of long ago who got himself into a controversy on the subject of women's rights with his vis-a-vis at dinner. After proing and coning for a few minutes the lady asked, "Candidly, sir, why do you oppose giving the franchise to women?"

"You will excuse me for saying it, madam," he replied, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs."

"But what evidence of woman's mental inferiority to man can you advance?" persisted the lady.

The bachelor thought a moment and then answered slowly, "A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they do up their back hair."—Harper's Bazar.

The Odor of Flowers.

What unsung poems hide in the smell of dried lavender flowers! Poems of sweet and sheltered maiden life; of quaint gowns and stately dances; of old presses packed with fair linen; of resignation and fading twilights and forgetfulness! With the odor of the lilies comes upon the sense the white glory of Easter dawn. Something sensuous, snakelike, hides in the breath of Roman cyclamen. The brave red clover—to smell it is to realise New England, sturdy, homely, faithful.—Boston Commonwealth.

FAMOUS FRENCH EATERS.

A Worthy Couple Who Spent the Greater Part of Their Lives at the Table.

When epicureanism is joined with an expert regard for the laws of digestion, it ceases to deserve reprobation. All the world might, on this basis, properly consist of epicures, for if one has nothing more to eat than oatmeal porridge, mutton broth and cabbages and prepares those articles of food daintily and skillfully he may truly call himself a gourmet. A distinguished instance of the influence of good cookery in prolonging life was found in the case of the Marquis and Marchioness de Bechamel, famous epicures in the days of the old monarchy in France.

Bechamel achieved the distinction of having a sauce, which survives to this day, named after him. He married a young woman named Valentine de Rochemont, who is said to have attracted him purely because she was a wonderfully good cook and had a remarkable appetite.

Though this might seem to be an insufficient basis for a happy marriage, it proved quite enough in this case. The marquis and marchioness cooked and ate together for 50 years in perfect accord and perfect health. They were said to have almost passed their lives at the table, and when they were not at the table together they were generally in the kitchen together. That their cookery was wholesome their long life testfied, and that it was delicious all the famous eaters of their epoch were absolutely agreed.

They had a famous feast at their golden wedding. For many years the marquis had been saving for this occasion a bottle of priceless Constance wine from the Cape of Good Hope, and every guest was to have a drop or two of it.

Just as the bottle was being brought out the Marchioness of Bechamel sank to the floor. It was quickly ascertained that she was dead. She appeared simply to have reached the term of her existence, and her death at such a festival was regarded as a most beautiful and touching one.

The bottle of Constance was put away unopened. The marquis was inconsolable. Before long he fell apparently hopelessly ill. In this emergency his physician, having informed him that his end was surely near, the marquis called for the bottle of Constance wine.

With a sinking, dying voice the old man said:

"When I meet my beloved Valentine on the other side, she will say, 'What is that perfume, my dear, which I detect upon thy lips?' And I will answer, 'It is the Constance wine, my beloved, that we had saved for our golden wedding!'"

Bechamel drank of the wine, and his livid head fell back upon the pillow. All supposed that he was dead, but he was merely asleep. An hour afterward he called his nephew and sent him with a key to open a drawer in a secretary and bring from it a box.

The nephew made all haste, supposing that the box might contain his will or some other document which he wished to sign or modify before his death.

To his astonishment it was found to contain a pie.

It was a wonderful Perigord pie, dressed with truffles of sarlet. The marquis ate freely of it and again sank back upon his pillow.

"Hark!" said the doctor. "I hear the fatal rattle in his throat. It will soon be over."

But the "rattle" turned out to be a snore. The marquis was asleep. And though he was then 75 years old he lived 15 years longer and invented several more famous dishes.—Youth's Companion.

A Six-year-old Gentleman.

American children are to often nuisances, owing to the indulgence of parents who love not wisely, but too well. Undisciplined at home, they are insufferable abroad and add a new terror to republican institutions, and on them depends the salvation of our country. But, thank heaven, there are exceptions to whom I thankfully turn, thinking with gratitude of fathers and mothers who love their offspring with profound wisdom. There comes to me the memory of such a child as gave full meaning to Christ's words.

I never looked into his lovely face, beaming with sweet intelligence, that he did not make me think of heaven and rejoice that so fine a spirit walked the earth. No man, woman or child approached this boy without feeling his benign influence and honoring his parents. Though only 6 years old, he was a gentleman in a grace of manner, for which nature was partially responsible. —Kate Field's Washington.

True of Other Clock Towers Too.

The Old South was standing grim and white among the telegraph wires and runtlike buildings of Washington street, when Creighton and Tompkins passed by. It was 8:15. But when Tompkins looked up at the dial on the hallowed church it was only 8:45. Then he turned round.

"I say, Creighton, did you know the Old South had been sold?"

"No," hastily answered Creighton. "I knew there had been some talk about it, but had no definite knowledge. How do you know?"

"Tompkins pointed to the dial. "Because it's changed hands already."—Boston Budget.

A Magic Word.

Bilkins—That bill is all right, but I haven't any money about me, and——

Collector—You'd better look sharp, then, or you'll find the sheriff——

Bilkins—And, I was going to say, I'd have to give you a check.

Collector—Oh—er—never mind, it's no consequence. I'll call again.—New York Weekly.

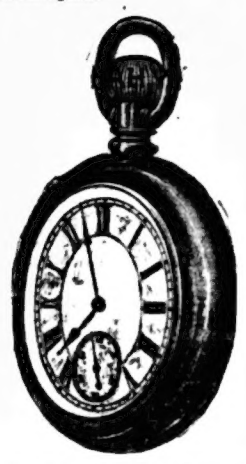
He Lost by One Letter.

Every man should always write as plainly as he can. Once upon a time a young man wrote to a girl. "Your loveliness has inspired me to ask you to become my wife." She read it "loneliness," and got so everlastingly mad that she refused him by return mail.—Somerville Journal.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.85. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.50
Six Months 1.25
Single Copies 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00
All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Ramsay Morris' Comedy Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Herrmann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Aristocracy."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Wilson Barrett.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—DeWolf Hopper Opera Co. in "Wang."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Surrender."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Annie Ward Tiffany.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Messenger From Jarvis Section."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock."
—*Thomas Davis.*

"HOME RULE" AMENDMENTS.

The full text of the Gladstone Home Rule bill, as presented in the English house of commons last Saturday, does not materially differ from the terms set forth in the speech of the prime minister already published. It is a provincial, not a national, measure, and to accept it as a "final settlement" would be folly. England will, according to it, retain control of the land question for three years only, and of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and Dublin Metropolitan police, for six years. The Irish parliamentary representation at Westminster is to be reduced to eighty, and the financial provisions are the same as those already announced. It is, virtually, a federal compact, but the "nationality" of Ireland is recognized by the creation of an Irish ministry, and by the abolition of appeal, in judicial cases, to the British house of lords. Future appeals of the kind, if the bill should become a law, will lie directly with the executive; that is, the queen and privy council. In all matters affecting the internal concerns of Ireland, the executive must act on the advice of the Irish ministers, and the veto power is to be exercised according to the same counsel.

This, perhaps, is as far as Gladstone dare go in his proposals, considering the constituency he has to deal with in England, and, certainly, "as an installment of justice," Ireland might do well to accept it, with the following immediate amendments:

1. The question of the settlement of the land tenure to be transferred to the Irish parliament from the date of its creation.

2. The placing of the constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitans under Irish control, without tedious probation.

3. The retention of the present full strength of Ireland—103 members—at Westminster, with the alternative of utter exclusion, which would be much better from every standpoint, and which Gladstone personally favors.

The retention by the British parliament of control over the land question for three years will expose the Irish tenantry to the harshness of their landlords, and the depopulation of the country will, consequently, go on as before. This is the chief danger to be avoided, and only an Irish parliament can deal satisfactorily with the agrarian question. There is no danger that it would enter on a policy of confiscation, but it is certain that the brutal work of wanton eviction would be stopped, and the cruel rapacity of the landlords and their agents summarily checked. THE CITIZEN hopes that the Irish Parliamentary party will insist on the amendment of that part of the bill.

It would be much wiser to transfer control of the constabulary and police at once to the Irish parliament, for many reasons. In the first place, it would insure the refusal of the former force to the landlords for the carrying out of evictions in the old, brutal form. In the second place, it would make the force look up to the Irish government as the fountain of authority, which it can hardly do, while the imperial parliament exercises any kind of sway over its movements. The Irish will have no objection to the clause in the bill which provides that the men composing the force shall not be abruptly turned away, or lose the pensions that would come to them under the system about to be discarded. They owe nothing in the shape of gratitude to the constabulary, but they are a generous, and, in many ways, a sensible people, and will not seek to make conditions too hard for former enemies. Noble natures always expand under the sunlight of success, and the Irish people—leaving out a seemingly incurable tendency toward factiousness over comparative trifles—have noble natures, although much has occurred to their fathers, and themselves, to harden the original softness of their souls.

Ireland has not asked to be retained at Westminster. That demand comes from England herself. Therefore, Ireland has "the call," and should unflinchingly insist that, under the circumstances, her representation must remain at full strength in the imperial parliament. She does not care to interfere in local British legislation—so much the worse for the British reformers, whose faithful ally, under Grattan, O'Connell, Shiel, Sharman Crawford, Isaac Butt and Charles Stewart Parnell she has been—but she has a perfect right to a full voice in everything concerning the laying of imperial taxes and their distribution. Let her not, we ask, accept a representative less than the 103 already provided for. She has only to be firm to win this and the other amendments specified.

We suppose that the question of a new Irish flag will have to be disposed of by mutual agreement. Under the coming arrangement, the imperial flag will be insisted on by England, as a matter of course, but Ireland, certainly, must have her own national emblem beside it, as the Palmetto of South Carolina waves upon her State capitol beside the Stars and Stripes; and as the flags of all the other states wave beside our national flag in the same way. Whatever may have been Ireland's original symbol makes no difference now. By common consent, every true Irish heart acknowledges the Green and Gold, with the crownless harp wreathed in shamrocks—the flag of the United Irishmen, irrespective of creed, which flew in glory over the pikemen of Wexford and Wicklow, and the musketeers of Antrim and of Down. When we see the Green Flag waving over the Irish parliament house, we will believe that Ireland is destined to be, sometime, a Nation, and that gallant Emmet's long delayed epitaph may at last be written.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S SINGULAR STATEMENT.

It is difficult for an Englishman, even when he becomes a Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, and, therefore, a prince of the Catholic church, to divest himself of his insular egotism. His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan—by the way we know a good many Irish Vaughans—attended a banquet in Rome recently, at which nearly all the great men of the church then in the city were present. In replying to a toast, Monsignor O'Connell, president of the "English" College, "surprised many of his hearers by stating that the Archbishop of Westminster had a great deal to do with the movement which resulted in Mgr. Satolli's appointment as papal delegate. Cardinal Vaughan admitted that he had had a share in the movement, believing that the church had everything to gain from the present papal representative in the United States. 'We *English Catholics*,' he said, 'are interested in America, because in a sense *we may be said to have created her*. We regard your people as our children and watch them with a mother's anxious eye, but the Catholics of America have not yet done all they ought for the faith. They have done nothing yet compared with other nations to evangelize the earth. If they would widen their Catholic reputation let them send missionaries out into the world to convert the heathen. In Africa they have a vast field for their Christian energy.'"

THE CITIZEN cannot understand Cardinal Vaughan's reference to America as a creature of the English Catholics. He must have meant Irish Catholics. Beyond Lord Baltimore's Catholic colony of Maryland—many of whom were Irish—the English Catholics have cut no figure whatever in American history. The Cardinal is, therefore, confusing. There are millions of Irish Catholics and their descendants in this republic, because of the base injustice, greed and cruelty of Englishmen, both Protestant and Catholic Englishmen, but why should Cardinal Vaughan base his assertion on that fact? The Irish, surely, are not English, any more than a thoroughbred horse is a Durham bull. The English Catholics may regard us as their children, if they like, but we are sufficiently callous not to repay them with consequent filial affection. They may "keep a (step)mother's anxious eye on us" also, but our optics are sufficiently well peeled to look out for ourselves. "The likes of us know the likes of them." *Thiggin tu*, Cardinal? As for the evangelization of the earth, American Catholics are not starved into being multitudinous missionaries as the Irish were. We turn over the contract of christianizing the "Turks and haythens" to our alleged affectionate English Catholic mother and her "anxious eye." We thought that that organ belonged to the "Bloody Duke of Cumberland," Cardinal Vaughan's big-bellied countryman, whom the Catholic Irish Brigade of France "knocked saucepans out of" at Fontenoy.

A CONTEMPTIBLE MAN.

That miserable Anglo-Yankee renegade, George W. Smalley, London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, seems to be more chagrined over the concessions made to Ireland in Gladstone's Home Rule measure than the English Tories themselves. This individual is representative of a class of so-called Americans who are a disgrace to the country that gave them birth—mere flunkeys and lickspittles of the the English aristocratic circles. They have not a single instinct of liberty, in its broadest sense, and they are perfectly incapable of conquering their hatred of the Irish people, resulting from the narrowness of their early education. Smalley is a contemptible thing in himself, but his connection with a great American newspaper gives him a vicious importance in England. He has been, in all his writings, a consistent enemy of every measure intended to benefit Ireland, the decrier of her friends and the eulogizer of her foes. He is particularly solicitous about the interests of "the Empire," of which he ought to be, if he is not, a subject. Here is a paragraph from one of his truculent letters to the Gotham *Tribune* under date of the 18th inst.:

"The besetting sin of politicians, said Mr. Gladstone, Monday, is suspicion, and he avowed that, in framing this bill, he had wrought in a spirit of trust. He has convinced himself that there is in Ireland and among the Catholic and Nationalist majority a sentiment of loyalty, of attachment to the union, of fairness to the ministry, and of submission to imperial supremacy. He has found a score of synonyms for his old phrase about the union of hearts which has been laughed away. On his own personal trust in this sentiment, which those who best know Ireland believe to be purely imaginary, and which Irish patriots have a thousand times repudiated, he is ready to risk the unity and security of the British Empire. The English may well hope that he is right and everybody else is wrong. Guarantees for the unity and security of the empire must be sought where he seeks them, if anywhere. They are not to be found in the bill."

EUGENE DAVIS, JR.

THE CITIZEN has pleasure in announcing that the wife of Mr. Eugene Davis, poet and author, whose writings have so often charmed its readers, presented her gifted husband with a son on the morning of the 20th inst, at the present home of the young couple, No. 98 I street, South Boston, Mass. The mother and baby are doing well, and Mr. Davis is the happiest man in the Old Bay State.

WONDERFUL OLD AGE IN IRELAND.

How the centuries seem to link hands in Ireland! *United Ireland*, of Feb. 4, says: "The *Freeman* announces the death of a very remarkable Tipperary man, at Ballinderry, on the shores of Lough Derg, between Borrisokane and Nenagh. The date of demise was Thursday, Jan. 26. His name was Connor Ryan, and he was born so far back in the eighteenth century as 1780, two years before the time when 'Grattan rose, and none dare oppose the claim he made for freedom.' He was a United Irishman and fought with detachments of English troops at Cappawhite, Cullohill, and Monasterevan. Though he was in his 113th year, it is stated that about six years ago, without any assistance, he built the house in which he has just died. Some of the neighbors put the roof on for him, but he has since thatched it several times himself, one of these extraordinary feats being performed less than twelve months ago. He was a constant Sunday attendant at mass at Terryglass, a mile and a half distant from his home, and worked at basket-making up to within a few months of his death. This wonderful old rebel died on Thursday of last week; and it is curious to think that on the next day his wife, who next month would have completed her century, followed him into the unknown. I think it is Oliver Wendell Holmes remarks in one of his poems that nothing in the world retains its youth over a hundred 'but a tree and Truth.' We can hardly say that Connor Ryan did so, but in his case we can dispute the further dictum of the same quaint writer when he says that—

'Nothing in the world we know here
Wakes on the morn of its hundred year
Without both feeling and looking queer.'

for it is quite clear that our Tipperary United Irishman, and his wife too, neither felt nor looked out of the ordinary. Brave old couple!"

We suppose Mr. Ryan was the last survivor of the true men of 1798. They were plentiful enough in our childhood and boyhood. A few of their names linger in our memory. They were venerable looking men, mostly large of stature, with the dignity of great age stamped upon their furrowed features. The oldest of all was James Kelly, of the Wood, on the estate of Dennis Henry Kelly, near Ballinamore Bridge, county Galway. This grand looking patriarch, whose snowy locks fell over his shoulders, and whose faculties remained unimpaired almost to the day of his death, about the year 1855, was born in 1740, and used to tell how often, in his boyhood, crippled Irish soldiers, who had fought at the Boyne and Aughrim, at Athlone and Limerick, used to come to his father's house, and relate the heroic actions which they had witnessed, or borne a part in, in their youth. He had seen every man of prominence connected with the movements of 1782 and 1798, and was six years old when "Bonnie Prince Charley" was defeated at Culloden. Then there was old Jack Crowe, of New Bridge, county Galway, also, who was born in 1745, and had had nearly the same experiences as Mr. Kelly. Then there was John Keane, of Killian, in the same county, who was born in 1770; went to Mayo to join Humbert, witnessed the battles of Castlebar and Ballinamuck, but succeeded in escaping from the slaughter of the latter engagement, in which he was more fortunate than many of his comrades. And, there was Captain John Kennedy, of Millbrook, county Tipperary, and Richard Donoghue, of the same locality, both of whom fought for Ireland, like Connor Ryan, in 1798. They lived until about the year 1860, died in the fullness of time, and were honored by their friends and neighbors. In a copy of the Dublin *Gazette*, of date April 19, 1775, we find recorded the death of an old man named McEleery, in the county Sligo, at the almost incredible age of 127 years. He had fought at the Boyne and Aughrim, and was wounded in both battles. He was followed to the grave by a great concourse, no inconsiderable part of which was made up of his sons, grandsons, great-grandsons and their families. All this is fact, but it reads like romance.

DENNY LANE ON '48.

Quite recently a meeting was held in Cork city under the presidency of Denny Lane, one of the few surviving poets of the Young Ireland era. At this gathering, which was also addressed by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the eminent Irish scholar, and W. B. Yeats, the poet, both of whom spoke enthusiastically on behalf of the renaissance of Irish literature, the chairman made the following interesting remarks: "I remember how in my younger days I was to some extent associated with that remarkable company of men to whom was due the renaissance of Irish literature between 1840 and 1850. I stood on the outer margin of that group of devoted Irishmen of whom my dear friend, Thomas Davis, was the centre and inspirer. From him, as from some great organ of light, radiated all those currents that then animated the frame of Ireland, and back to him again conveyed from the remotest extremities of the land, and of the furthest outposts of our race those counter currents which helped to revive our country into warmth and into life. Then, indeed, *thainig an' ana an' Eirin*—"a soul came into Ireland." By the touch of his magic wand the sleepers were awakened and started again into energetic and well-graced action. Alas! they have nearly all passed away—

'Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too.'

A couple of years since Sir Charles Gavan Duffy invited me to join him in Italy, where Judge O'Hagan was then staying with him. 'Come,' he said, 'for there will be gathered together under the shadow of the once-clad trillis the only three survivors of those whose verses appeared in the *Nation*.' I was unable to answer his summons, and since then "the aborred fury with the shears" has cut the thread of Slieb Guillon's life, and Sir Charles and myself are all that are left of that company who gathered together in Dublin nigh fifty years ago."

THE CITIZEN would remind Mr. Lane that both he and Gavan Duffy are both mistaken in supposing that they are the only survivors of the poets of the Young Ireland era. Two of the "three graces" of the old *Nation*—women whose poetical genius shed a brilliant luster over its pages and made the heart-pulse of many a patriot quiver with enthusiasm—are still happily numbered among the living. Lady Wilde, "Speranza," whose name is associated with '48 as closely as Duffy's, resides in London, while Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, "Eva," has her home in Australia. Capt. Richard Oulahan, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., is also a surviving verse writer of the *Nation*. Apart from the error of fact, Mr. Lane's address to the Cork young men was an accurate and interesting account of those far-off days when the Irish people were once more becoming such a race of scholars as they used to be in the golden epoch of primitive Christianity.

Times have changed for the worse since then, if we are to believe Mr. W. Yeats, who at the same meeting unequivocally declared that in Ireland, roughly speaking, nobody read anything. "A well known publisher," he added, "told me that he sold more books in a single town in Scotland than in all Ireland." This gloomy condition of things intellectual in a land, where at one time learning was prized only next to godliness, will, it is expected, be to a certain extent remedied by the efforts of the new literary society started by Gavan Duffy, of which Dr. Hyde and Messrs. Lane and Yeats are among the guiding spirits. If Irishmen purpose to keep abreast of the spirit of the age, and reach their proper place in the van of the pioneers of human progress, they must read more and talk less. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the patriotic efforts of Gavan Duff and his friends will be crowned with that success which they so well deserve.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

At the convention of the Irish Council, held in Fitzgerald's hall last Sunday, Mr. John Foley, president, in the chair, the Rev. M. O'Sullivan, of the Nativity parish, was elected grand marshal of the St. Patrick's day procession. Father O'Sullivan has done much toward harmonizing warring elements in Irish and Catholic societies, and his selection as marshal was in recognition of his zeal and effective work. He will be assisted in his arduous duties by Commissioner M. J. Kelly, and other influential Irish-Americans. President Foley and the other officers of the Council were elected for another term.

While the body was in session, a delegation from a meeting, held under the presidency of Hon. Thomas A. Moran, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, for the purpose of organizing a gathering in the near future in aid of the Irish parliamentary party, called to ask the co-operation of the Council. They were not cordially received—in fact quite the contrary—and there was no co-operation promised. This action was taken, not because the Council is opposed to Home Rule, but because some of the members thereof and some of the parties who were instrumental in getting up the Grand Pacific affair, detest each other mutually. It is simply a hopeless task to try and unite them, and they may as well agree to disagree. The great mass of the Irish-American people here understand the situation thoroughly, and no evil to the Irish cause can result from the unhealable quarrel. Philanthropically and peacefully inclined gentlemen should understand that when two human clouds, charged with the electricity of mutual dislike, come together, there must be a storm. Therefore, no attempt should be made to bring them together. They are, like the Irish parliamentary party at home, practically united in principle but hopelessly divided in person. This is regretable, but it might be worse.

THE American flag was raised to the peak of the American Line Steamship New York, formerly the City of New York, of the Inman Line, by President Harrison, in New York harbor, at 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The vessel formerly sailed under the English flag, and the action of the president marks a new epoch in the American merchant marine. Glory hallelujah.

POOR old General Stiles says that Carter Harrison "lacks social polish," and, therefore, should not be mayor of Chicago. Carter, undoubtedly, "lacks" a great deal that would make him an ideal statesman; but his manner, as a private citizen, is the very best thing about him. It is a manly, and an American, manner, whether "polished" or not. Gen. Stiles himself is not too polished. He may think that he is, but the naked epidermis of the "Old Adam" peeps through the cracked varnish on his tough old hide pretty often. As a man—simply as a man—Carter Harrison is a thousand times more fascinating than his cranky critic.

PIERCE MAHONY has been beaten in North Meath—the constituency from which Michael Davitt was unseated—by the Anti-Parnellite candidate, Mr. Gibney. The majority for the latter was only 259.

OSCAR WILDE'S brother, Willie, is, it appears, no longer in favor with his buxom and comely wife, Mrs. Frank Leslie, who has been evidently a lady hard to please in the matter of husbands. Having entered the matrimonial bonds for the third time over a year ago, Mrs. Frank is now onxious to get out of them again. She is not satisfied with her Irish spouse, who is an Apostle of Ease, and who, it is said, believes that American women who afford themselves the luxury of transatlantic lords and masters ought to pay for it cash down. Innocent Willie!

THE Irish Nationalists of Omaha are subscribing for a monument to the memory of the gallant General John O'Neill, the victor of the Battle of Ridgeway, Canada, in 1866, who lies buried in that city. THE CITIZEN will have more to say on this commendable project later on.

THE New York 400 are indignant. The aristocratic dovecot of Gotham is all in a flutter; for it has been discovered that only one of the dainty set—the great and only McAllister himself—is credited with possessing a family crest in the new and revised edition of Fairbairn's Book of Crests just published in London. There is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth among these spoon-fed dudes and Anglo-maniacs over the omission of their names from the lists of guaranteed nobility. It may be interesting to add that in this Bible of the aristocracy the United States is represented by only twenty-four families whose parchments prove the azure-blue perfection of their blood. Yet millions of the red-blooded folks on this continent get on supremely well all the same, though they can sport no crests, or flaunt no titles to demonstrate the fact that they are gentlemen. Under the Stars and Stripes there is no room for such antiquated relics of the past as crests in real life. They may be found in a few of our museums.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON, the doughty Orange knight errant, is unsheathing his sword, and putting on his best war paint in view of taking himself to the hills to fight like a true-blue loyalist against the domination of the coming Irish parliament. When the time comes for action, it is not on the hillsides the gallant Colonel will be found, but snugly asleep in his own feather bed.

"KATHERINE TYNAN writes a poem on 'The Grave of Michael Dwyer,' in which that historic tomb is described as being in a condition at least of trimness," says the Glasgow *Observer*, of recent date. "Miss Tynan has been enjoying the usual poet's license, for a cutting from a colonial newspaper reads—'While in Sydney, Mr. Campbell met another enthusiastic Irishman, and together they proceeded to the burial ground at Redfern for the express purpose of viewing the grave of the man of '98, Michael Dwyer. Its neglected state, Mr. Campbell says, is a disgrace to the Irishmen of New South Wales.' To them certainly it is a disgrace, but is it a matter of no concern to the rest of us? Where are our Young Ireland Societies? They don't go much in for practical work, but here is a task to which they might fitly set their hands."

GOV. ALTGELD, as commander-in-chief of the Illinois National Guard, has issued an order to the adjutant general to muster in the Hibernian Rifles of this city as the Seventh Regiment of Illinois Infantry. This is a long delayed act of justice, and the Governor deserves the thanks of all liberal-minded citizens for his action in the matter.

WHAT consistent "patriots" the Irish Orangemen are! Their present war-cry is: "Closer union with England or else total separation." Well, THE CITIZEN has no objection to the latter alternative.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

John Fitzgerald, Lincoln, Neb.—Communication too late for this week's issue. Will appear next week.

"T. J. F.," city—Ditto.

A Very Pleasant Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walsh, No. 4431 Ellis avenue, celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of their marriage on Sunday evening, in company with a number of friends who yearly frequent the pleasant shores of Brown's Lake, Wis. Mrs. Walsh looked as youthful and attractive as on the happy day when she became a bride, and Mr. Walsh had the well satisfied appearance of a gentleman who, while still in the early prime of manhood, is the head of a large and growing household. The evening passed by cheerily, what with conversation, instrumental music and tuneful lyrics, and all separated reluctantly when midnight came to carry with them the memory of an ideally charming social event.

BLAINE MEMORIAL MEETING.

The various committees of prominent citizens having in charge the arrangements for the memorial mass meeting, in honor of the great ex-secretary, have nearly completed their labors. The meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, Feb. 28, at the Auditorium. Admission will be by ticket, but without charge, and can be had on application at such places as will be hereafter announced through the press. The names of the many prominent speakers will also be announced in due time. The preparations made by the committees in charge, and the great interest manifested by the people irrespective of parties, guarantees that this will be one of the most notable meetings of the kind ever held in this city and worthy of the great name of James G. Blaine.

BLAINE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

GAELIC ATHLETIC CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the Gaelic Athletic Association, of Illinois, will be held on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 26, 1893, at Curran's Hall, 352, Blue Island avenue. Each club is entitled to five delegates, each one of which should hold separate credentials, signed by the presiding officer and secretary of the meeting where said delegates are elected. Clubs should arrange matters at once, and make provision for representation at the convention. It is very important that this matter receive the earnest attention of all, as the future of the Gaelic Athletic Association, in Chicago, depends in a large measure on prompt and careful action. The convention will be called to order at 2 o'clock sharp. Please advise your delegates of this fact and recommend that they be on hand early, as considerable business requires attention. COMMITTEE.

The First Law of Nature.

This self-preservation is acknowledged to be, and people who adopt against the encroaches of disease a genuine medicinal safeguard, accredited by experience and the sanction of physicians, afford a happy illustration of the wisdom of the saying, in the health they restore and continue to enjoy. Among maladies against the growth of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords efficient protection, diseases of the kidneys and bladder are fraught with the utmost peril and exhibit great obstinacy when opposed by ordinary means. The Bitters can and will subdue them. No testimony is stronger than this. Used at the outset and persistently, the best results may be expected. This medicine also eradicates liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism and nervousness.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Celebrated With Great Success by the Elliott Literary Club of St. Ann's Parish.

A Highly Creditable Literary and Musical Event—Those Who Were Present.

The celebration of the 161st anniversary of the birth of George Washington by the Elliott Literary Club of St. Ann's parish, at Arcade Hall, Wentworth avenue and Sixty-third street, last Tuesday evening, was an unalloyed success. The vast hall was filled by an audience of at least 3,000 people, about equally divided as to sex, and all, apparently, highly pleased with the programme presented to them. The stage and galleries were beautifully draped in the national colors, and tropical evergreens crowded the front of the platform. Around the hall were hung portraits of Washington, Robert Emmet, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Philip H. Sheridan, Philip Kearney, John A. Logan, President Harrison and James G. Blaine, the latter draped in mourning. Brilliant incandescent lights added lustre to the scene, and displayed the exquisite toilets and gleaming jewels of the ladies present to the best possible advantage. On the stage, or in the auditorium, were seated the president of the club, Mr. Maurice J. Lawlor; Rev. Francis Reynolds, Rev. Father Flannigan, pastor of St. Anns; Rev. Father B. B. Murray, Rev. Father Denison, Rev. Father Greene, Rev. Father Crimmins, Congressman-elect Aldrich, Hon. Perry Hull and ladies; Anthony E. Zaber, W. F. Rietz, Thos. H. Prendergast, George A. Mowrer, Edward O'Grady, Edward Sullivan, Edward Zimmerman, William Costello, Edward A. McGrady, Richard W. Wolfe, Michael J. Flavin, J. P. McGavick, H. P. Kenny, P. L. McArdle, Judge Hyde, editor *New World*; M. A. Cody, J. F. Lyons, F. J. Norton, J. W. Wolfe, James Burke, J. J. Byrne, Joseph P. O'Connor, John H. Collins, T. J. Ahern, Dr. P. Byron Anton, Frank Barnard, W. L. Barrer, S. V. Bicknell, W. J. Brennan, Michael Brown, Charles Brown, W. J. Burns, E. A. Byrne, F. J. Carney, E. Carney, John V. Campbell, Charles Casey, D. Callahan, J. Cleary, D. C. Clifford, W. E. Clifford, W. H. Costello, J. S. Cooper, William Conroy, John D. Collins, P. J. Condon, Frank Curran, James Curran, Dr. J. Cunningham, D. J. Daley, Joseph Dougherty, J. J. Dunn, Patrick Egan, George J. Ernst, Michael Fanning, Peter Farley, John D. Farrell, Thomas Foley, W. E. Fogerty, J. B. Foley, John Fitzgerald, James M. Flynn, W. A Flanagan, Wm. F. Gavick, F. H. Graham, M. J. Hagerty, P. J. Haley, J. L. Hickey, W. L. Hogan, J. H. Hughes, M. J. Kane, E. M. Keating, D Kennedy, Thos. Killen, T. J. Kinnally, Patrick Listen, J. T. Mangan, F. Moran, J. E. Markham, M. Meany, J. T. Murphy, Maurice Moriarty, M. J. McCarthy, P. McGuire, J. F. McGrady, James J. McKenna, John McKenna, Owen McLaughlin, S. M. McMahon, Hugh McNamara, Charles Naylor, James Nolan, Gerald Nolan, Joseph Normile, John O'Connor, H. O'Brien, James O'Donnell, William O'Grady, Thomas O'Neill, Dr. C. J. Phillips, C. A. Rausch, P. J. Reynolds, James Robertson, W. J. Ryan, David Ryan, Frank Sanders, Charles Schlack, J. M. Sheehan, M. C. Sheehan, John Sherlock, J. Shannon, Dr. J. P. Smith, H. A. Solden, Daniel Sullivan, Thomas Tighe, M. Walsh, Patrick Waldron, John Waldron, Frank D. Kinsella and hundreds of others.

Following is the programme as carried out in detail:

PART I.

Medley of American Airs.....Orchestra.
Opening Remarks.....By the President, Maurice J. Lawlor.
Address of Welcome.....Rev. P. M. Flanagan.
Song.....Quartette.
Oration.....John F. Finerty.
Song.....Miss Mabelle Barry.
Reading.....Egbert W. Fowler.
Vocal Solo.....Miss Maud May.
Piano Duet.....Misses Kate and Nellie O'Grady.
Reading.....T. J. Kenney.
Song.....Miss Nellie T. Cahill.

PART II.

Medley of Irish Airs.....Orchestra.
Vocal Solo.....Miss Maggie L. Duggan.
Song.....Quartette.
Song and Highland Fling.....Master Jesse May.
Vocal Solo.....Miss Maud May.
Reading.....William Mendenhall.
Vocal Duet.....Misses Passow and May.
Cornet Solo.....Prof. M. A. Reichart.
Soprano Solo.....Miss Anna Passow.
Song.....E. J. Quinlan.

PART III.

Song.....Quartette.
Reading.....Miss Lizzie Upton.
Vocal Solo.....Miss Millie McKnight.
Irish Specialties.....Messrs. Sweeney and O'Neill.
Vocal Solo.....William Reciss.
Reading.....James F. O'Connor.
Vocal Solo.....James McHale.
Reading.....T. J. Kenny.
Selected Airs.....Prof. W. R. Murphy, Irish Piper.
Song.....Quartette.
Finale.....Orchestra.

The president's address was brief and to the point. Father Flannigan was eloquent in his words of welcome, and then introduced Mr. Finerty to deliver the oration, in terms that editorial modesty—ever proverbial—forbids us to reproduce, as it does also—seeing that the columns of THE CITIZEN are crowded—even a faint outline of what Mr. Finerty said. The audience were very kind, and left the speaker nothing to desire in the way of outward manifestations of approval.

The singing of the Misses Mabelle Barry, Nellie T. Cahill and Maggie L. Duggan was so excellent that the audience in each case tried to force an encore, but the president was immovable, the programme being too lengthy to admit the indulgence.

In fact, it may be said that all the numbers were well rendered, and that the entertainment, taken as a whole, was most delightful and creditable. THE CITIZEN greatly regrets that space will not permit to do it more ample justice; but the Elliott Litterary Club may well congratulate itself upon the success it has achieved.

Letters of regret were read from Governor Altgeld, Carter H. Harrison, Judge E. F. Dunne, Maj. R. W. McClaughery, Robert McMurdy, C. S. Dinneen, O. T. Bright and the Rev. Myron Haynes. Much credit is due to Messrs. Maurice J. Lawlor and Thomas H. Prendergast for the great success of the gathering.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

[To the Editor.]

Your able correspondent, "S. J. Dunleavy," strongly opposes my statement that a very moderate Home Rule bill is to be expected. This is not my idea of what a Home Rule bill should be, but my prediction of the character that Mr. Gladstone's bill must have. Mr. Dunleavy and I differ widely in our views of the political situation. He thinks that the Irish party have the power to force a broad and satisfactory measure from the government. I think the majority is so small that it is hardly sufficient to carry the most moderate bill through the commons. I would accept any bill now, which does not raise a barrier to future concessions. It would be of no benefit to Ireland for the Irish party to overthrow Gladstone's government. Mr. Gladstone has only two courses: either to bring in a comprehensive bill and have it rejected, or bring in a moderate one and probably carry it. The Irish must accept what he offers, as it is too late now to discuss what they want, or to find out if they know their own minds.

There is now before us a sketch of Gladstone's Home Rule bill, that is no doubt authentic. It is a very moderate measure. It is not final or satisfactory. Yet it may be accepted as an installment. It must be accepted as the best that we are in a position to demand. The Irish representatives should refrain from destructive criticism and obstruction, for to have this bill rejected is to restore the Tory enemy to power. Gladstone's bill, if it passes, will be a shield against coercion and ascendency rule; it means lower taxation, and making the Irish more respectable among the nations. This 1893 bill is a great improvement upon the bill of 1886.

England and Scotland have obtained very good local government acts. A similar act was refused to Ireland, but Gladstone's bill will supply the defect. It is really not a Home Rule bill at all, but merely a comprehensive measure of local government. The objection to it in this sense is that there is no necessity for the ponderous machinery of two houses of parliament, and a mock king and cabinet to regulate Ireland's local affairs. A national council of fifty or sixty members, and county and parish councils could do all the work just as effectively. The danger for Ireland is that this elaborate machine will arouse opposition in England. And another danger is that Home Rule would be only a toy for Irish factions to play with; for, being a sham itself, it will create a sham court and courtiers, sham statesmen, and sham politics, whilst what Ireland needs is a business congress of business men to manage quietly and sensibly the local matters that influence her material interests.

The true test of Home Rule is the abolition of the lord-lieutenant, and with him the castle and foreign domination. I would be willing to accept very restricted powers, if, within the prescribed limits, Irishmen could be independent and have the last word. But the present bill says that no tax can be voted and no appropriation made without the previous permission of the British despot. No bill can become law without the assent of the British despot, conveyed through the castle. No Irishman can hold an executive office unless appointed by the same authority. And the judicial committee of the English privy council, which has not a single representative of Ireland in it, is the supreme court to resolve all constitutional questions between the two countries.

I find nothing unreasonable in the delay of five years before the police, the judges, and the land come under Irish control. It takes some time to transform these institutions. But I warn Irishmen that they are likely to find these clauses of the bill so worded that the police, judges, etc., will not come under Irish jurisdiction at the end of five years; but, not sooner than five years, bills may be passed in England to transfer them. In such a case, we may be sure that England will make five into fifty. We have not forgotten Catholic emancipation.

It is a curious fact that in 1895 we shall be back again where we were in 1795. Ireland's affairs have moved in a vicious circle. It at that time Grattan, or any statesman, had proposed to restrict the Irish parliament from legislation affecting the crown, foreign matters, the armed forces, and such like imperial affairs, the proposal might have been accepted, the union would not have taken place, and Ireland would have been where she may stand in '95 under Gladstone's act. Pitt was misled by the success of the Scotch union. But Scotland was privileged as if part of England—still retaining her laws, judiciary, and native administration, while Ireland has always been cursed with alien rule, and this bill of Gladstone's mitigates but does not abolish it.

W.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

MIGHTILY MIXED.

Different Views Taken by Leading Irish Papers of an Editorial Which Appeared Recently in "The Citizen."

"United Ireland" Accuses the Dublin "Freeman's Journal" of Wilful Misrepresentation.

THE PRESSURE OF IRISH-AMERICAN OPINION.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]

The tendency and pressure of Irish-American opinion is exhibited in the tone which every journal that aspires to represent it has been compelled to assume to the allies of the national party. For a time the wild abuse of the liberal party as "English wolves," and of their leader as "a grand old sophist," found an echo in journals like the Chicago CITIZEN. But common sense flourishes too strongly in the air of Chicago to have such dishonest nonsense relished. In the world through which the Irish race is scattered there can be found no more thorough-going and, as the phrase is, "extreme Irishmen" than in Chicago, and of the "extremists" none more "extreme" than Mr. John F. Finerty. Yet in his journal just to hand we find the new Parnellism thoroughly exposed, and one of the most outspoken acknowledgments of Ireland's debt to Mr. Gladstone, and one of the most thorough-going indorsements of the policy that he has pursued in reference to the Home Rule bill, that any Irish journal has given publicity to. Mr. Finerty acknowledges that even American sentiment towards Home Rule has been influenced for the better by Mr. Gladstone. "The public opinion of this great self-governing combination of home ruled states," Mr. Finerty says truly, "is on the side of Irish autonomy." But he adds that "it is undoubtedly true that the strong personality of Mr. Gladstone has much to do with this sentiment." Commenting on Mr. Gladstone's courage and magnanimity in scorning a dishonest consistency, and changing his opinion in the light of a fuller knowledge, THE CITIZEN says: "Never in the annals of civilization has been found the head of a government endowed with the moral courage to declare the former policy of his country false and wicked, except in the case of Gladstone. Making due allowance for the pressure of Irish revolutionary methods upon the mind of England, it cannot be denied that it required a vast amount of mental bravery to impel the premier of Britain to declare that the union of 1800 was carried by 'base and blackguard means.'" Mr. Finerty has not much opinion of Mr. Redmond—he never had, in fact. He treats with contempt the parody of Chamberlainism which made the Redmondite policy in reference to the clamor for the details of the Home Rule bill. "It is impossible" says THE CITIZEN, "to believe that a man of four score and three years—completed on the 29th of December—can be otherwise than sincere in his present declarations. Warned by past experience, he has, up to date, kept his plan of battle on the Home Rule bill confined to his own breast. He knows that jealous tories and wavering whigs are watching him with keen anxiety." Yet it was in this impossible belief in Mr. Gladstone's dishonesty that Redmondism founded itself, and by it the minority justified their division of the forces of the nation. Now, of course, the ground has been shifted. It is not Mr. Gladstone, but patriot bishops like Dr. Nulty, who are denounced as the "arch-coercionists of the Irish race," while Redmondism claims for itself beforehand the credit for all that the "English wolves" may do for Ireland. The cry of "Heads I win, tails you lose," is as lacking in originality as the *rechauffe* of Mr. T. W. Russell's orations, which has constituted the staple substance of the speeches of the leading Redmondites since the death of Mr. Parnell. The Irishmen of Chicago are not particularly taken with this bating of the old bishop of Meath by the "independents" in order to rouse British prejudice. Of the result of the Meath petition THE CITIZEN says: "The Bishop's pastoral was, as is customary with him, a very strong document. He is a prelate who never does anything by halves. In that he is thoroughly Irish. It will be remembered that it was Dr. Nulty who, in the days when Errington was back-door ambassador at the court of the Vatican, warned the Sacred College that no nation long kept its faith if the heads of the church were inimical to its spirit of nationality. His pastoral had a great deal to do with the change of policy adopted by Rome towards Ireland. This should not be forgotten for Dr. Nulty. He was a friend in need, and in sore need at that. His policy in regard to the Meath election was, from a political standpoint, imprudent, no doubt, but nobody can impugn the honesty of his motives. THE CITIZEN has differed honestly from Dr. Nulty's secular policy, but it will not do him an injustice. The brave prelate who, when a simple priest in famine times, ministered to the spiritual and physical wants of the typhus-stricken people, and who, when wearing the purple, smote England's representative at Rome with the whip of scorn, deserves gratitude from his country and his countrymen. Dr. Nulty is impulsive. He was too severe on Mr. Parnell's moral delinquency, but his error leaned toward virtue's side." It is evident that those few Irishmen of America who were for a time led astray by appeals to old mistrusts and prejudices are becoming disgusted by the appeal to Exeter Hall. The Parnellites of Chicago are not the only Parnellites who have had their eyes opened to the real purpose of Redmondism by the new role that it has assumed.

Every man having a beard should keep it an even and natural color, and if it is not so already, use Buckingham's Dye and appear tidy.

[From United Ireland.]

A few days ago the *Freeman's Journal* published an article which it called "The Pressure of Irish-American Opinion." The article was based on a leader in the Chicago CITIZEN, and argued that the pressure of events was compelling even Parnellite journals in America to recognize the wisdom and patriotism of the seceders. "For a time," said the *Freeman*, "the wild abuse of the liberal party as 'English wolves,' and of their leader as 'a grand old sophist,' found an echo in journals like the Chicago CITIZEN. But common sense flourishes too strongly in the air of Chicago to have such dishonest nonsense relished. In the world through which the Irish race is scattered there can be found no more thorough-going and, as the prase is, 'extreme Irishmen,' than in Chicago, and of the 'extremists,' none more 'extreme' than Mr. John F. Finerty. Yet in his journal just to hand we find the new Parnellism thoroughly exposed. . . ." Then we find that Mr. Finerty has not much opinion of Mr. Redmond—he never had, in fact." After which, again, we are told that "the ground has shifted," and that "it is not Mr. Gladstone, but patriot bishops like Dr. Nulty, who are denounced as 'the arch coercionists of the Irish race.'" On which the *Freeman* remarks that "the Irishmen of Chicago are not particularly taken with the baiting of the old bishop of Meath by the 'independents' in order to rouse British prejudice." This article concludes by saying that "it is evident that those few Irishmen of America who were for a time led astray by appeals to old mistrust and prejudices, are becoming disgusted by the appeal to Exeter Hall;" and that the Parnellites of Chicago are not the only Parnellites who have had their eyes opened to the real purpose of Redmondism by the new *role* that it has assumed."

Now, knowing the character and politics of the Chicago CITIZEN, and being at the same time aware that the *Freeman's Journal* has recently been in the habit of indulging in what I cannot but call deliberate mis-representations—I exposed a gross one last week—I felt sure that if I consulted THE CITIZEN I should find the *Freeman* article to be a dishonest one; and my anticipation has been realized. THE CITIZEN has no acknowledgment of the wisdom of the seceders. It does not "thoroughly expose the new Parnellism." It expresses no opinion, hostile or otherwise, of Mr. Redmond. It has no reference to, and no suggestions of, an "appeal to Exeter Hall." And, finally, it contains not a tittle of evidence that the Parnellites of Chicago, or of any other place, "have had their eyes opened to the real purpose of Redmondism."

Now, if the *Freeman* had wanted a eulogy of Mr. Gladstone for his determination to carry Home Rule, from a Parnellite source, it need not have gone so far as Chicago. It will find sufficient for its purpose in the speech made by Mr. Parnell in Cork on St. Patrick's Day, 1891, four months after committee room No. 15; and indeed, I may say, when it was reasonably called for, in these columns. Parnellites have no objection to the Chicago CITIZEN acknowledging Mr. Gladstone in the same way—why should they? Here is the passage on which the *Freeman* built up its fine structure of "The Pressure of Irish-American Opinion:"

"It is impossible to believe that a man of four score and three years—completed on the 29th Dec.—can be otherwise than sincere in his present declarations. Warned by past experience, he has, up to date, kept his plan of battle on the Home Rule bill in his own breast. He knows that jealous tories and wavering whigs are watching him with keen anxiety."

What is the comment on this passage? "Yet," says the *Freeman*, "it was on this impossible belief in Mr. Gladstone's dishonesty that Redmondism founded itself, and by it the minority justified their division of the forces of the nation." The statement, as everyone knows, is utterly untrue. Parnellites distrusted, and to this day distrust, not Mr. Gladstone, but the men whom Parnell distrusted, the opportunists of his party who would drop Home Rule tomorrow did they dare. This brings me to the very point on which I strip the *Freeman* article bare to the bone, and hold it up in all its naked mendacity. Will it be believed that THE CITIZEN article, after the word "anxiety," at which the *Freeman* honest man draws up in front of a comma', goes on as follows:

"And the measure of what he may offer to Ireland will, undoubtedly, be limited by his anxiety to achieve a Home Rule victory in some shape. Herein lies the chief danger. The bill will not be the bill of Gladstone, but of his party, and *the record of that party's Irish policy is to such as to give the long-abused Irish people confidence in its honesty or sincerity.*"

What of *this* "common sense" of *this* acknowledgement of the wisdom of *this* "thorough exposure" of the new Parnellism; of *this* "eye-opener" for the "Redmondites" of Chicago—O, great oracle of statesmen!

As for the praise of Dr. Nulty, it is quite as fair and quite as unobjectionable as that of Mr. Gladstone. But even in this case, too, the *Freeman* writer—for the good of his bucolic readers, no doubt—draws his virtuous pen through the extract at the psychological point. The end of this quotation on the bishop of Meath reads: "Dr. Nulty is impulsive. He was too severe on Mr. Parnell's moral delinquency, but his error leaned toward virtue's side." Here he stopped. Why didn't he give the next sentence? I'll tell you: Because it was as follows:

"*It is much better, on general principles, that prelates and priests should keep out of active politics.*"

So much, then, for the *Freeman* and its concocted "Pressure of Irish-American Opinion."

SWEET, SILVER LEE.

BY J. K. C. FORREST.

Sweet, silver Lee, thy sparkling tide,
With diamond sheen and emerald setting,
Now gleams in sun, now seeks to hide
In wildwood shades its wavelets' fretting.
From Gau-Gaune Barra to Mahon's Lough
Thy beauties rare my heart doth ravish.
At grander scenes my soul doth mock:
My wealth of love on thee I lavish!

In morning sun, in moonlight pale,
Thou still to me of streams are dearest,
No birchen mount no bosky dale,
Like thine on other banks appearest.
Each stately home or lowly cot
That marks a "court" or hearth the poorest,
By me hath never been forgot
Through sound or scene that sense allurest!

On thy loved banks how oft at dawn
I've wakened been by notes of thrushes:
Whilst, soaring high o'er woodland lawn:
The skylark free in bold notes gushes.
For others in this world so wide
Nature elsewhere may more gayly glisten:
Still at silver Lee's soft rippling tide
Birds on the wing oft poise to listen!

Oh, would that I once more could stroll
Beside thy stream through emerald wending,
And feel again this earth-bound soul
Soar out on wing of fancy's lending.
Such fate, poor heart, may ne'er be thine:
A joy like that my life may'nt render:
For heaven 'twould be to soul of mine
To gaze once more on Lee's soft splendor?

Bright, gleaming tide, how oft I miss thee
And those I've loved, old friends, none dearer—
Each hour I pine thy banks to see:
Each day to thee doth draw me nearer.
In life, in death, there still shalt be
A joy, a hope, dark days to lighten.
God grant at last, sweet silver Lee,
That gleam of thee my death-hour brighten!

OBITUARY

MRS. EMILY F. RYAN.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Emily F. Ryan. The sad event occurred at Killadysart, county Clare, Ireland on the 7th of February. Her age was 45 years. Deceased was the only surviving daughter of Mr. W. Thomas Ginnane, C. P. S. etc., of Killadysart—one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of the place, for many years county agent and subsequently county commissioner for the district of Killadysart, and niece to the late Chas. Keane, of Killotin House. Mrs. Ryan received her education at St. Mary's Convent, Bruff county, Limerick, and, in 1865, married the late Mr. Lawrence Ryan, of the Hermitage, Rusheen, county Clare, nephew to the Rt. Rev. Dr. John Ryan, and bishop of Limerick. The only children of the deceased lady—John F., Joseph E. G., and Thomas P. Ryan—now reside in Chicago, where their mother was to have joined them next April to keep house, but Providence ordained otherwise. The interment took place on the 9th ult. in the family vault in Killotin cemetery.

MRS. MARY J. COX.

Mrs. Mary J. Cox, wife of William Cox, for a number of years cashier of the Chicago National Bank, died at the family residence, 580 LaSalle avenue, Friday week. Mrs. Cox had been a well-known resident of Chicago for more than thirty years, having been particularly active in church and charitable work, as well as in a social way among a wide circle of friends. Mrs. Cox was born in Dublin in 1839 and was wedded to Mr. Cox in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1853. The young couple moved to Chicago in 1856. During the war years Mrs. Cox was very active in church work in the Holy Name parish. She has been in poor health for three years and for several months her condition had been considered hopeless. Indeed, last Thanksgiving she was thought to be dying. Her failing health and death are attributed by her husband and friends to overwork. The funeral was held from the Church of the Immaculate Conception Monday at 10 o'clock. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

MR. ALEXANDER SWEENY.

Mr. Alexander Sweeney, an old and widely-known resident of the North Division, died at his residence in this city on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Sweeney was born in Ireland, came here from Canada, and was long and successfully engaged in the meat supply business. He was an honest, industrious, kindly hearted man, and his death, although occurring at a good old age, is deeply lamented not alone by his immediate family, which is very large, but also by innumerable friends. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in Chicago. High mass of requiem was offered up at the Cathedral of the Holy Name. The interment was at Calvary.

SISTER MARY FRANCES AUSTIN.

We regret to announce the death of Sister Mary Frances Austin Josephine Binchy, which took place on the 1st inst., after a few days' illness at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Mary's Road, Cork, Ireland. The deceased lady, from the time she entered religion, had rendered herself beloved by all with whom she associated, and especially by the pupils of the schools of the Sisters of Mercy, over whom she watched with a loving and maternal solicitude. The interment took place on the 13th inst. in the burial ground attached to the Peacock Lane Convent. Bishop O'Callaghan presided at the office for the dead, and there was a large attendance of clergymen and of the friends of the deceased. She was the youngest daughter of the late Owen Binchy, Charleville, county Cork, Ireland, and also niece and God-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Murphy, of 196 Marshfield avenue, this city.

The Commercial Club of Charleville adopted resolutions of sympathy with the widowed mother, and the friends of deceased, and to which THE CITIZEN also adds its sincere regret and condolence.

MISS BESSIE GANNON.

THE CITIZEN regrets to have to announce the death of Miss Bessie Gannon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Gannon, formerly of this city, which occurred at the residence of her parents Oshkosh, Wis., on Saturday of last week.

MR. JAMES MCMULLEN.

Mr. James McMullen, brother of the late Rt.-Rev. John McMullen, bishop of Davenport, Ia., a retired merchant of this city, died at his residence, No. 98 Centre avenue, on Tuesday, after a lingering illness, aged 61 years. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn the loss of as good a husband, as affectionate a father, and as sincere a Catholic as ever drew breath. Mr. McMullen was born in the province of Ulster, Ireland, and came to this country with his family in early youth. He made Chicago his home, and, engaging in the lumber business, achieved a competency, which enabled him to pass his declining years in the innocent pleasures in which he delighted. He was passionately fond of rural life, and, having sailed a great deal in his early years, made his home, so to speak, on the water during the summer months, which he usually spent at St. Mary's Island, Brown's Lake, Wis. He was also an ardent disciple of Frank Walton, and rarely failed to land a goodly array of black bass, pickerel and trout when he sailed on lake or river. Mr. McMullen had the respect of all who knew him and appreciated his upright character and excellent heart. His death removes from a wide social circle, as well as from the family hearth, a man who was, in his own life, an exemplar of social and domestic virtue. The funeral, which was private, occurred on Friday morning from the residence to St. Patrick's church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated, and thence to Calvary cemetery, where the interment occurred. Requiescat en pace.

Mr. O'Donnell's New Establishment.

Mr. Jeremiah O'Donnell has opened a new place of business at No. 608 Ogden avenue, where he will be happy to see all his old friends, and as many new ones as may choose to patronize him. There is room enough for all, and a "cead mille failte" into the bargain.

An obedience to the simple laws of hygiene and the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will enable the most delicate man or sickly woman to pass in ease and safety from the icy atmosphere of February to the warm, moist days of April. It is the best of spring medicines.

IMPORTANT.

An industrious Catholic lady or gentleman to represent our new book just published, "The Columbian Jubilee, or, Four Centuries of Catholicity in America." Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Write for circulars and all information to the publishers,

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DEATH OF BEAUREGARD

The Famous Confederate General Is No More.

STRICKEN DOWN VERY SUDDENLY.

Although He Had Been Ailing Somewhat His Death Was Entirely Unexpected, as He Retired an Hour Before in Seeming Good Health—He Personally Fired the First Shell in the Late Unpleasantness at Fort Sumter.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 21.—General G. T. Beauregard died at 10 o'clock Monday evening of heart failure. For some time past the general has been ailing with the grip, but recently he improved greatly and Sunday was up and about. He dined with his family at 6 o'clock Monday evening and retired at 9 o'clock. At that time he

GEN. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

was apparently all right, but before 10 o'clock the crisis came and he died before medical assistance could be summoned.

Brilliant Career of the Soldier.

General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard was a native of New Orleans and was born on May 28, 1818. He graduated with high rank at the West Point military academy in 1838. He was a classmate of McDowell, Hardee, Sibley, Barry, Granger, and Nichols, all of whom subsequently wore stars in either the Federal or Confederate army. His first assignment was to the artillery arm of the service, but he was soon transferred to the engineer corps. In 1838-9 he was assistant engineer in charge of the construction of Fort Adams at Newport. He was also on duty at Barataria bay, Louisiana, at the passes of the Mississippi and at Fort Henry, Maryland. He superintended the construction of the defenses at Tampico during the Mexican war and bore a part in the siege of Vera Cruz, and the battles at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Chapultepec and the City of Mexico, being twice wounded in the latter engagement.

Fired on Fort Sumter.

He was brevetted major and received the full rank of captain of engineers. He had charge of the construction of the fortifications of Mobile bay and the improvement of the harbors at Lake Pontchartrain, and was constructing engineer of the New Orleans custom house. Captain Beauregard was detailed as superintendent of the military academy at West Point but reigned that post in a few months that he might enter the Confederate army. He was placed in command of the defense at Charleston. He personally fired the first gun of the war, which sent a shell screaming to Fort Sumter, where Major Anderson, with his gallant command, refused to haul down the stars and stripes. He received the surrender of the Federal garrison, permitting the men to leave the fortress with the honors of war.

Commanded at Bull Run.

General Beauregard was ordered to Virginia, where he was placed in virtual command of the army at the first battle of Bull Run, although superseded at the last moment by General Joseph E. Johnston. He was ordered to Tennessee in the spring of 1862 as second in command to Albert Sidney Johnston, and when that officer was killed at Shiloh he took command and almost succeeded in effecting a rout of the Federal forces under General Grant. He was compelled to retreat the next day, however, and made a successful defense of Corinth until the 29th of May, when he evacuated the place after destroying all the stores and munitions of war. Failing health compelled his retirement from the field for a few months. On his return in August he was made a full general and placed in command of Charleston, which he successfully defended for a year and a half against the siege attacks of General Gilmore and Admirals Dahlgren and Dupont.

Surrendered to Sherman.

In May, 1864, when General Grant was closing in upon Richmond and Lee's army, Beauregard went to the rescue. He defeated General Butler at Drury's Bluff and held Petersburg for a long time against the Federal advance. In October he was appointed to the command of the military division of the west, and went to Georgia to resist Sherman's march to the sea. He was unsuccessful, and after joining forces with General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to General Sherman in April, 1865. At the close of the war he returned to his old home in New Orleans, became president of the New Orleans, Jackson and Mississippi railroad, served as adjutant general of the state of Louisiana and subsequently became one of the managers of the Louisiana State Lottery, in which position he accumulated a large fortune. He wrote a work on the "Principles and Maxims of the Art of War" and an elaborate report of the defense of Charleston.

Found Badly Frozen.

CADILLAC, Mich., Feb. 21.—A man named Holt and his wife and Mr. Donquist and wife left here Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in two rigs to drive to Jennings, twelve miles distant. Monday morning one horse was found at Jennings. Searching parties found the missing people Monday forenoon. All were badly frozen and one of the women's hands and feet will have to be amputated. They had cut the horses loose to give the alarm.

Awful Scene of Carnage.

TANGIERS, Feb. 21.—The rebels forced an entrance to Wazan for the purpose of looting the city. When all were within the walls the citizens closed the gates and attempted to annihilate the attacking force. The streets were scenes of horrible carnage for four hours. Hundreds were killed.

WILL NOT ACCEPT AID.

McKinley Insists on Bearing His Burden on His Own Shoulders.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 21.—The first reports of the effect of the Walker failure upon Governor McKinley were in nowise exaggerated. It is now certain that the notes outstanding with McKinley's indorsement will aggregate nearly $85,000. When they are paid, as the governor is determined they shall be out of his own property, all his own modest fortune and nearly all which came to him through his wife will be swept away.

Mrs. McKinley's Property Affected.

The governor refuses to accept the loans which have been eagerly offered him by his friends, and insists on bearing the whole burden himself. He spent Monday quietly at the home of Myron T. Herrick, and expects Mrs. McKinley, who has been undergoing treatment in New York, to meet him here. The blow is a heavy one because it affects Mrs. McKinley's property as well as his own, but the governor says positively that he will accept no aid in bearing it. His friends here would advance him twice the amount if necessary with no security but his individual name and without fixing a date for payment.

May Send Rockafellow to Prison.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 21.—J. B. Rhoades, one of the depositors in the Rockafellow bank, having commenced criminal proceedings against the banker, several others are about to follow his lead and it is expected that his friends will not be able to keep him out of prison. The chief suit begun Monday was that of Mrs. Lomis of Madison, N. Y., who had $22,000 deposited with Rockafellow. The new city treasurer made a formal demand upon Rockafellow's bondsmen on the $60,000 judgment he gave as city treasurer for the amount of the city's deposit. At the time of the failure it was $54,641. Rockafellow has assigned his life insurance policies, amounting to $60,000 to his bondsmen.

Standard Harrow Company.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 21.—Articles of incorporation of the Standard Harrow company were filed here Monday. The incorporators are Edwin H. Risley of Utica, N. Y., Maurice Maas of New York city and General Oscar E. Madden of Boston. Their authorized capital is $2,000,000, which is to be divided equally into preferred and common shares. This corporation, it is understood, organized to take over and conduct the manufacture and sale of spring tooth harrows and to include the interests now centered in the National Harrow company.

Illinois Man in Luck.

OLNEY, Feb. 21.—Eight months since W. H. Cornell of Olney secured evidence going to show that he was the sole heir to an estate in England valued at $800,000. He laid the matter before a townsman of Olney, Wick Higgins, and that gentleman agreed to furnish the capital to work with. Cornell and Higgins went to England, and for eight months have battled with red tape in that country. A cablegram from England announces that a compulsory writ has been issued from the courts to enforce payment to Cornell of the entire estate on March 28 next.

Nineteen Men Drowned.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—A fishing boat went down with its nine occupants Monday in a storm off Banff, on the Scotch coast. The fishing boats Charlotte and Jessie foundered in a storm off Wick in the afternoon. All the nineteen men in the boats were drowned. A terrific storm has swept the northeast coast of Scotland since early in the morning. Sleet and rain and occasionally hail have fallen along the whole northeastern coast. Much wreckage has drifted ashore and reports of small losses of life at various points are being received hourly.

Challenges the World.

WHEELING, W. Va., Feb. 21.—Everet C. McClelland of this city, champion long distance foot runner of the world, has issued a challenge, open to the world, for a race for any distance from five to twenty-five miles for $500 or $1,000 a side. Peter Priddy of Pittsburg, M. J. Kennedy of Chicago, or M. J. McCartney of Boston preferred. He has deposited a forfeit with Richard K. Fox of New York to bind the match. He is willing to meet the three runners in a sweepstake race for $500 a corner, the race to take place either in Pittsburg or New York.

Threatened by the Mafia.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., Feb. 21.—Detectives Brown and Marshall, who were active in running down and getting evidence against Michele Tenora, an Italian who last July murdered Luigi D. Marschi and wounded Frank D. Marschi, the latter his son-in-law, received letters in English, written in red ink, signed "La Mafia," saying they would be killed to avenge Tenora's imprisonment. They say they are not frightened. The Italiani court interpreter declares there is a branch of the Mafia in Lawrence county and that Tenora is the chief headsman.

Registered Mail Pouch Plundered.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21.—Monday night while the mail was being transferred from a St. Louis and San Francisco railroad train to the mail car on the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern road at the depot, a pouch containing the registered mail was ripped open and the contents stolen. The value of the stolen property is unknown, but probably will amount to several thousand dollars. There is no clew to the thieves.

Will Appeal to Cleveland.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—A special from Washington says: "Queen Liliuokalani's special commissioners, Paul Neuman and Prince David, have decided to appeal to President-Elect Cleveland for assistance. Prince David and E. C. McFarlane left Monday morning for Lakewood to lay their case before the president-elect and to try to secure his influence in the senate to delay ratification of the treaty.

Body Washed Ashore.

PROVIDENCE, Feb. 21.—A Block Island dispatch says that in addition to the four men lost in the wreck of the barge Reliance, the body of a woman, about 35 years old, probably the captain's wife, has come ashore. A doll was found on the beach also, indicating that there was a child on board the ill-fated vessel. The tug that anchored the barge is thought to have foundered.

Valuable Horses Killed.

LENA, Ills., Feb. 21.—In a wreck of a wild train on the Illinois Central railroad early Monday morning, at Preston's bottom, two cars containing forty-two valuable horses, belonging to Isreal Underwood, of this place, rolled down the embankment. Twenty-five were killed and the rest more or less injured.

SUSPENDS HOSTILITIES.

Governor Lewelling Gives in to the Republicans.

FIRST BLOOD OF THE CAMPAIGN.

It Flows from the Nose of a Sergeant on Guard at the State House During a Rush of Deputy Sheriffs Carrying Food to the Barricaded Republicans—Governor Lewelling Submits to a Peace Compromise—Latest from Topeka.

TOPEKA, Feb. 17.—The first blood of the Kalsas revolution flowed from the nose of a sergeant on guard on the east entrance to the state house at 9:30 Friday a. m. As has been the custom for two days all of the entrances to the capitol building and grounds have been closely guarded by the militia men. A few minutes after 9 o'clock a squad of deputy sheriffs and assistant sergeants-at-arms started for the state house with several large baskets of food for those in representative hall. When they reached the entrance their further progress was challenged. They told what their errand was and were again denied passing through the line. By this time the crowd of deputy sheriffs had greatly increased and soon became very strong. In the midst of the excited altercation which was going on between the militiamen and the food carriers some one shouted "Rush through, never mind the militia."

Made a Grand Rush.

The order was promptly obeyed and the little guard of bluecoats were pushed rudely aside and the deputies with the baskets followed by about 100 men wearing the blue badge carried by the sheriff, dashed through the yard and up the long line of stone steps, past the office of the governor and adjutant and their guard line in the west wing, and up the stairs and up the barricades into representative hall. It required more than a half hour for all the officers who came in with the rush to make their way into the hall, which was soon packed with men armed with clubs and guns. At the head of the stairway and beyond the barricade a number of guards, armed with Winchesters, were at once stationed to resist any advance that might be attempted by the militia on the order of the governor. The barrels of their guns were thrust through the spaces between the ladders that were heaped about to prevent the possibility of a sudden charge proving effective.

Bugles Sounded.

In the state house yard the rush of the deputies was followed by intense excitement in the military headquarters. Bugles were sounded and full companies were called out to take the place of the corporal's guard. But one man, a sergeant, was injured in the melee and he only to the extent of a bruised and bloody nose. The Republicans in the house remained in the hall Thursday night holding the fort. Strict orders were issued early in the evening that no one be allowed to leave the hall and strict vigilance was observed all night to prevent a possible, though unexpected attempt on the part of the Populists to capture the hall. The members were a little more comfortably located than they were Wednesday night, many pillows and blankets having been brought in. An invitation was extended to the company of National guards from Marion to camp in the heated hall rather than in the stone floored corridor to which they were assigned. The invitation was accepted and the whole company marched into the hall to benefit by the courtesy of the house until they were obliged to go on guard duty.

Another Offer of Compromise.

About 2 o'clock Friday morning the hall resounded with vigorous taps of the gavel by the speaker, who thus roused the statesmen from their slumbers. The call proved to be one of peace and not of war. As soon as the men had crawled out of their blankets and opened their eyes the speaker announced that he was in receipt of another offer of compromise from the governor. The conditions were practically the same as therein incorporated in the agreement presented by the house to the governor Thursday night. It gave the Republicans undisputed possession of representative hall with all of its appurtenances and connecting rooms, the Republicans to agree not to make any more arrests of Populist house officers for contempt. The Populists were to continue their meeting in a hall down town. If this was agreed to the governor was to remove the military force if the sheriff would discharge his large force of deputies. The proposition of the governor was taken up and debated for three hours. Amendments to it were offered which bound the governor to abide by the decision of the supreme court as to the legality of the rival houses.

Signed the Peace Agreement.

After a consultation lasting from 9 o'clock until 12:30, Governor Lewelling signed the peace agreement between him and the Republican house of representatives. By its terms the militia are to be sent home at once and the sheriff is to discharge all his deputies. The Republicans are to be left in full and undisputed possession of representative hall and the Populist house is to hold sessions in a room outside of the capitol building. By the terms of the agreement neither house is to interfere with the proceedings of the other house.

News of the settlement of the revolution was received in Republican hall by the wildest demonstrations of joy. Cheer after cheer echoed through the broad corridors of the state house. Hats were thrown in the air, coats were taken off and waved wildly. The demonstration ceased only when the legislators and the deputy sheriffs had cried themselves hoarse. The terms of peace are a complete back down by the governor, and the Republicans claim that they have gained all that they ever demanded. The decision of the courts is now awaited with great anxiety.

Body Snatchers Arrested.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Some time during Saturday night the vault of St. Mary's cemetery in the west end of this was entered by means of a diplicate key and four bodies were removed from their coffins. The bodies taken were those of Joseph M. Brennan, who was killed by the cars Jan. 21; Edward J. Tabb, colored, who died Jan. 15; Mrs. Margaret Kelly of Knox, this county, who died Feb. 14, and an old woman, name unknown, who for a long time was an inmate of the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Sunday night the police arrested two medical students, named A. G. Burns and Herbert Tanner, and John Reles, janitor of the institution, while they were in the act of removing the stolen bodies from the college to a sleigh in waiting. All the bodies were recovered.

RECEIVER APPOINTED.

Result of a Meeting of the Board of Directors—On 'Change.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20.—A meeting of the board of directors of the Reading and Philadelphia company was held Monday morning and the result of the meeting and the conclusion reached at it was shown when in the United States district court Monday afternoon an application was made for a receiver for the company. The application for a receiver was made by the company, and in the petition to the court asking that a receiver be appointed it states that it was believed that the best interest of the stockholders of the road would be preserved by the appointment of a receiver. The court granted the application and appointed as receivers A. A. McLeod, president of the Philadelphia Railroad company; Edward Paxson, chief justice of the supreme court of the state of Pennsylvania, and E. P. Wilbur, of the Lehigh Valley division of the Reading.

On the Stock Exchange.

The excitement at the opening of the Stock exchange Monday morning was intense and almost a panic prevailed. The first sale of Reading was at 15, a loss of 3⅝ over the closing quotations Saturday. Following this drop the stock steadily declined and and at 10:15 was quoted at 14. The stock of the roads allied with the Reading were also being hammered down. New England showed a loss of 1⅛ per cent. on the opening sale at 40, while it soon dropped to 34⅝. Lehigh Valley at 58, a loss of 1⅛ per cent. and dropped in just twelve minutes to 44½.

THREE TRAINMEN KILLED.

Bad Wreck on the Colorado Midland Road Near Bath Station.

DENVER, Feb. 20.—A bad wreck occurred on the Colorado Midland railroad, near Bath station, at an early hour Saturday morning. The west-bound Utah passenger train and the east-bound Atlantic express collided with terrific force, overturning both engines and ditching two baggage and three passenger coaches. Engineer James McMahon and Fireman Thomas McIntyre of the west bound train and Brakeman Andrew Bowersack of the east-bound train were killed, and at least ten others, including passengers and crew, were injured, some of them seriously. Wrecking trains were immediately sent from Leadville and Colorado Springs. The wounded passengers were taken to Colorado Springs where they were being cared for in the hotels.

M'KINLEY'S MISFORTUNE.

The Governor Heavily Involved in the Failure of a Friend.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Feb. 20.—A sensation was caused in business, financial, and manufacturing circles Friday by the failure of Robert L. Walker, a prominent banker and capitalist, who made an assignment Friday afternoon to Hal K. Taylor, a well-known attorney, for the benefit of his creditors. The failure will be widespread in its effects, involving Governor McKinley, and the indications are now that every dollar of property owned by the governor will be swept away.

Selecting a Cabinet.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 18.—Mr. Cleveland has officially announced the names of four members of his cabinet. They are:

Walter Q. Gresham of Illinois, secretary of state.

John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, secretary of finance.

Daniel S. Lamont of New York, secretary of war.

Wilson S. Bissell of Buffalo, postmaster general.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 18.—The president has announced the names of Hoke Smith of Georgia for secretary of the interior, and J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska for secretary of agriculture.

Exit Manhattan Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—The doors of the clubhouse of the Manhattan Athletic club were closed Monday by order of Receiver Friedman, and the club is no more. In a few days the receiver will advertise the building, fixtures and furniture for sale. The clubhouse is one of the largest and most elegant in the world. It is said the debts of the club foot up nearly $1,000,000.

Well Known Boniface Falls Dead.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Feb. 20.—Colonel Charles Duffy, proprietor of the Park hotel, this city, and the Imperial hotel, Baltimore, and for twenty years proprietor of the Continental hotel, Philadelphia, fell dead on West Fourth street Monday morning while on his way to the bank. Death was due to apoplexy. Colonel Duffy was 73 years old and was well known throughout the state.

Census Office Investigation.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—The house committee of the eleventh census committee charged with the investigation of the management of the census office have about decided to close the matter. Fithian, chairman of the committee, said that there would be a meeting Saturday next to close up the business before it and a report would be prepared on the evidence.

No Election in Wyoming.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Feb. 20.—The joint session of the Wyoming legislature adjourned sine die at noon Saturday without balloting. The adjournment was forced by the Republican-Populists and the supporters of A. L. New. A senator for the two years' term will be appointed by Governor Osborne. It is expected that A. L. New will be appointed.

Hugh O'Donnell Acquitted.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 20.—Hugh O'Donnell was Saturday morning declared guiltless of the murder of T. O'Connors, a Pinkerton detective, who lost his life in connection with the Homestead riot of July 6, 1892. O'Donnell's case was the third tried on this charge, and the third acquittal.

Four Children at a Birth.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Feb. 20.—Mrs. Thomas Schlicher, wife of Motorman Schlicher on the electric road, delivered four children Monday, one boy and three girls. All died shortly after birth.

Mrs. Cleveland Buys Horseflesh.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 20.—While in New York Saturday Mrs. Grover Cleveland purchased a span of fine horses which she will keep for her own use while in Washington.

Senator from North Dakota.

BISMARCK, Feb. 20.—W. N. Roach, Democrat, of Grand Forks was elected senator on the sixty-first ballot Monday.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

Events of the Week Given to the Reader in Condensed Form.

Ex-Treasurer Harshaw of Wisconsin has asked for a rehearing in the treasury case on the ground that the court erred in holding that defendant must pay interest prior to the date of the judgment on the amount recovered.

David Hanger and William, respectively 14 and 11 years old, fell from a balcony in the rotunda of the capitol in Little Rock, Ark. They were fatally injured.

Galesburg health authorities contemplate the arrest of J. S. Wheeler, a Christian science healer, who failed to report a case of scarlet fever in his own family.

Mrs. Mary E. Nash, widow of the late Dr. J. A. Nash, one of the most prominent Baptist ministers of Iowa, died at Des Moines from a fractured skull received by a fall.

Augustus Gonzales, a convicted wife-murderer, hanged himself in the Beeville, Tex., jail.

One man was suffocated and another burned in a car of cotton at Wellborn, Tex.

* * *

Snow shovelers on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway at Freeport, Ills., have struck for an advance in pay from $1.10 to $1.25 per day.

Samuel Wilson of St. Louis was sentenced at Jeffersonville, Mo., to be hanged March 29 for the murder of Clementine Manning.

Mrs. Elizabeth Payne of Lincoln, Neb., who was recently badly burned by a lamp, said to have been thrown by her husband, is dead of her injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Montague, old settlers of Rockton, Ills., celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at that place.

Jacob Rusterholt, a young German farmer living near Fairburg, Ills., was kicked by a horse and died from the effects.

The home of Mrs. Samuel B. Romaine Bristol, Ind., was robbed in her absence of $1,500 worth of silverware and jewelry.

There are nearly one hundred cases of measles and mumps among the 600 students of the Illinois state normal school at Normal, Ills.

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The Indiana house of representatives voted down a bill providing for an appropriation of $50,000, to be expended in entertaining visitors at the Grand Army encampment to be held in Indianapolis next September.

Martin Hohl of Lebanon, Ind., has sued the Light, Heat and Power company of that place for $25,000 damages. The suit is based on a gas explosion.

Potter, of the Maverick bank, was convicted on counts 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 15, 17, 19, 23, 25, 27, 31, 33, 35, 39—all odd numbers.

The Earl of Aberdeen, who is likely to be governor general of Canada, has always been a great personal friend of Mr. Gladstone.

President Barrios of Guatemala has an American wife. It is said that she practically rules the republic. She is the leader of all woman movements in that country.

William Greenwood of Germantown, Pa., is willing to wager all he is worth in the world—about $25,000—that he can paddle through the rapids at Niagara falls in a flat-bottom skiff.

* * *

A son has been born to the Prince and Princess Frederick Augustus of Saxony. The name of the young prince is Fredrich August George Ferdinand Albert Karl Anton Maria Paulus Marcellus.

Melvin Miller of Canton, Ills., was struck by a T., P. and W. passenger train and instantly killed.

N. R. Thompson, slayer of Mrs. John Blitten at Arlington, S. D., last July, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

The Northwestern Spice works at Sioux City, Ia., have been sold for $6,000 by the receiver. Creditors get 50 cents on the dollar.

Attorney General Miller will prosecute all sugar firms who refuse to supply information to the census bureau.

E. F. Welles & Co., general merchants, Colorado Springs, Colo., assigned, with liabilities of $43,000 and assets of $35,800.

Nick Land, a stock buyer of Remser, Ia., fatally shot a farmer named Newenswander. The trouble grew out of an old feud.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation creating the Sierra forest reserve, comprising 36,000 square miles, in the counties of Mercer, Fresno, Tulare and Kern, California.

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Miss Eleanor Hewitt, daughter of New York's ex-mayor, can play the piano, violin and banjo, drive a four-in-hand or tandem, ride a thoroughbred and row and sail a boat, and speaks French, German and Italian like a native.

The movement in England to tax bicycles and tricycles seems to be gaining considerably in some quarters.

The 4-year-old child of Philip Bouska of Howard county, Ia., fell backward into a tub of boiling water and died in two hours after being taken out.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are raising a fund to secure a life-size portrait of Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, late president of the society.

Milton Ferguson, a Galena, Ills., 14-year-old, was arrested and lodged in jail for the theft of a team of horses.

A vein of coal three feet thick has been discovered a few miles east of Millersburg, Ind.

James Gibbons, who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, is still living at Erie, Pa. He was a soldier in the United States service for many years.

Ex-United States Senator Bradbury, who is 91 years old, thinks the Maine ballot law is not just what it ought to be, and is trying to have it reformed.

* * *

Mrs. John Blair of Beatrice, Neb., got a verdict of $1,000 against two saloon keepers who had sold liquor to her husband. While intoxicated Blair had been run over by a train and killed.

William Noonan was helping to move a pile driver on the ice at Saginaw, Mich., when it went through. A beam striking him on the head carried him under the ice where he was drowned.

Congressman-elect Charles Curtis of Kansas was a jockey till he was 16 years old.

Lieutenant William G. Buck, U. S. A., has been assigned to Wisconsin as an instructor of the state militia.

Frank Gannon, local manager of the western weighing bureau at Milwaukee, has eloped with Mrs. Frank McQueen of Davenport, Ia.

Harvey Ramage, who shot and killed Policeman Dunker in Cairo, Ills., in September, 1892, was found guilty of murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Bride Hunting For Bridegroom.

A policeman at Portobello on going his rounds very early one morning discovered a young man on the roof of a low building, and naturally believing him to be a burglar seized him. He was surprised on seeing that he was evidently in his best clothes, and still more so when on searching for burglar's tools he found only a piece of bride cake. The captive offering no explanation the officer was puzzled. Suddenly a party of young women—a bride and bridesmaid—approached in an excited state. They were evidently searching for some valuable which had been lost. On catching sight of the culprit there was a shout of "Why, here he is!" The poor bride seemed greatly moved.

During the marriage festivities he had for some unexplained reason slipped away from the scene, and his friends had divided into parties, searching high and low for the runaway. They were naturally greatly astonished that he had preferred a cold roof in winter time to the society of his charming bride. Without any more fuss they took possession of the fugitive from matrimony, who looked somewhat depressed, and bore him away in triumph.—Scotsman.

A Bewildered Sunflower.

Sir Robert Ball tells an amusing anecdote illustrating Moore's words, "The sunflower turns to her god when he sets the same look that she turned when he rose." An explorer, he said, intent on proving the truth or otherwise of this theory, took out a sunflower seed to the arctic regions and planted it there. In the course of time the plant came up and flowered vigorously—just, however, at the season when the sun never sets in the arctic circle; so the poor sunflower, true to its nature, followed the process of the sun, expecting it to disappear at night in the ordinary course, but as the sun did not set at all, the flower strained itself round and round until it twisted its own head off.

A Deathbed Scene.

A Scotch lad of 20 died, leaving a widowed mother, a sister and two brothers younger than himself. He had been their main support, and while dying was full of anxieties as to what should become of them. His last words were, holding the hand of the brother next to himself in years and looking at the poor sobbing woman, "Try and do as weel's ye can."—"Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's."

Dimensions of the Coliseum.

The largest single structure in the world for audience and spectacular purposes is the Coliseum at Rome. It is in the form of an ellipse. Its long diameter is 615 feet, its short, 510; the height of the outer wall, 164. The arena is 281 feet long by 176 broad. The tiers of seats accommodate 100,000 spectators.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Valuable Cook.

Knowit—My cook is a treasure.

Wantoknow—You're in better luck than most people then.

Knowit—I wasn't till lately. You see, she had a row with the grocer, and to revenge herself she is very saving with the groceries. The bill is only half what it used to be.—Exchange.

A Lawyer's Defense.

Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I acknowledge the reference of counsel of the other side to my gray hair. My hair is gray, and it will continue to be gray as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black and will continue to be black as long as he dyes.—Exchange.

A Cabman's Retort.

Irascible Old Gentleman (putting head out of 4-wheeler that is crawling along at an unconscionable pace)—I say, cabby, we're not going to a funeral.

Cabby (promptly)—No, and we ain't goin to no bloomin fire either.—London Tit-Bits.

In a list of 162 different firms and professional people who were engaged in business in Bay City, Mich., 25 years ago there is not one but who has undergone a change either in name or in partnership.

It does not seem possible to emphasize too strongly the importance, which indeed amounts to a necessity, of freeing the body of some of its waste products by physical exercise performed daily.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe pain in my Stomach, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with Dyspepsia complicated with Liver and Kidney troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. It is a God-send to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TC A SAD CONSOLER.

Yes, yes, I know what you would say, and yet
Life is so sweet! Life is so very sweet!
Leaves dancing in the sun make quick the heat
Of saddest heart, and love must still forget
Life's toil and care, its fever and its fret.
How blue the sky shines through the summer's heat,
How merrily the blood defies the sleet,
One golden hour illumes a gray year. Let
Those talk of tears who never knew relief,
For me the hoarded honey of the past
Outlives this wintry interval of pain.
Come loneliness or lovelessness or grief!
The memory of days too sweet to last
Shall make my heart run o'er with joy again.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

GHOSTS AND VEGETATION.

How Unreasoning Man Came to Respect and Worship the Tomb.

How did the ancestral ghosts acquire in the first instance the peculiar power of causing growth in vegetation? The explanation, it seems to me, though crude and barbaric, is a very simple and natural one. In the first place, in many of the earlier and more native forms of sepulture the dead are buried under a tumulus or barrow. Such tumuli of course go back in time to a remote antiquity.

Now, many circumstances would make vegetation upon the turf of the barrows exceptionally luxuriant. In the first place, the soil there has been largely piled up and labored: it consists for the most part of an accumulation of deep vegetable mold, gathered together from all the surrounding surface and at an age when cultivation was wholly unknown—for tumuli, we have reason to know from the example of Ohio, began in the hunting stage of humanity—the burial mound would be almost certainly conspicuous, from this cause alone, for its exceptional greenness.

In the second place, again, the body within would add to its fertility, the more so as a great chief was seldom committed to the tomb alone, but was usually accompanied to the grave—whose megalithic stone chamber was to serve as his future palace—by his slaves, his wives and his other belongings. In the third place, too, animals would be slaughtered and feasts would take place at the newly made barrow.

The blood of the victims on such occasions is habitually poured out on the grave or on the surface of the altar stone. Offerings of meat, of fruit, of milk, of oil, are made there in abundance by trembling worshipers. These offerings would act of course as rich manures and would encourage on the barrows an unusual wealth and luxuriance of vegetation.

But primitive man knew nothing of the nature and action of manure. To him the fact that grass grew greener and bushes spread faster on the tumulus of the dead would almost inevitably appear as an effect immediately due to the supernatural power of the ghost or spirit who dwelt within it. In all probability the savage would envisage to himself the actual herbs and shrubs which so sprang upon the tumulus as the direct embodiment of the soul of his ancestor or his departed chieftain.—Grant Allen in Popular Science Monthly.

A Bright Girl's Ruse.

He and she were having a most serious quarrel.

He had been so amazed when she flew at him that he had simply collapsed into a chair and attempted no defense. Oh, it was about another girl—it always is, you know! Her indignation waxed higher as she went on firing labial lightning blasts at him until she was a quivering, blazing, little whirlwind. Then he began to admire her, only she was too excited to know it. That is the way with men—they always admire one at the most inopportune moments with their usual blundering contrariness.

"Oh, say!" he began pleadingly, "don't be so cross! Come here!"

But she tore herself away and only paused at the door in a dramatic, Bernhardt way and vowed, "I'll never forgive you or speak to you again or think of you again or love"——

Then she hastened her exit, for he had started toward her. She closed the door haughtily and effectively, only it shut her dress in, and there she was. So when he put his arms about her triumphantly she couldn't escape, for, you see, it would have torn her dress. And she couldn't very well avoid making up when he was in such close proximity. Oh, that girl is deep—it takes a bright girl to know just the right time to let a door catch her fast so it is impossible to get away. —Chicago News.

Lord Salisbury's Caustic Wit.

That Lord Salisbury possesses a decided gift for repartee may be gathered from the following. A heated discussion having been carried on for some time in his presence relating to a current topic, one of the most emphatic of the party remarked:

"I shan't get any of you to agree with me, you are such a complete set of Philistines."

Lord Salisbury quietly asked whether he recollected what happened to the Philistines.

The reply was, "Certainly not."

"They were smitten with the jawbone of an ass!" was the caustic rejoinder, on which the contending party utterly collapsed.—London Tit-Bits.

Grace In Old Forests.

Some trees are more graceful than others. The elm and oak are noted for their perfect and graceful form. All their branches appear to be perpetually moving, stirred by every wind that blows, and the same may be said of the pine. The graceful movements of its limbs, the sighing sounds of its stems and evergreen needles, send forth a solemn symphony. Everything contributes serene grace and simplicity to old forests.—Broston Transcript.

Enough to Kill.

Doctor—I see what the matter is. It's dyspepsia. All you have to do is to laugh heartily before and after each meal.

Mrs. Binks—Impossible. I get them myself and wash the dishes.—New York Weekly.

Shot While Going For a Doctor.

It was in Pittsburg some seven years ago that my wife woke me up one night and said that our little boy was very sick and would I go for a doctor. I said of course I would, and slipping into my clothes I grabbed my hat and started out. When I reached the first corner, I passed a stranger who was running the other way. I cut diagonally across the street and ran toward the center of town. Pretty soon I heard footsteps some distance back, and then several shots were fired. I felt as though some one had thrown a stone and struck me on the leg, but I couldn't run any more worth a cent. I stumbled down and then drawing myself up put my hand where I felt the pain and found that my leg was moist with blood. I easily realized that I was shot. The possessor of the revolver drew up before me panting for breath and exclaimed, "You will rob people, will you?" It was a policeman. I began to upbraid him most thoroughly.

Explanations nor execrations did not help the matter any, and I was taken in a patrol to the station. I repeated my story and insisted that a doctor should be sent to my house. The desk sergeant finally did as I wished, and our family doctor called at the house, and later came by the station. It did not take me long to convince the station officers that I was not the party, and was set at liberty and removed to my home. When I was able to get around again, I sued the city for $5,000, and I got it.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Amelie Rives' Newsboy.

"There is a young man in Mobile," said Colonel Robert McEachin of Winchester, Va., "who has cause to remember Amelie Rives twice a year. When the now distinguished lady was a little girl and lived in that city, she became fondly attached to a newsboy who cried out his papers every morning in the neighborhood in which she lived. She met him one day and a friendship sprang up between them that has lasted to the present time. After the boy's stock of papers were sold in the morning he would call for the pretty little blue eyed miss, and they would take long strolls down Froscute road, plucking the orange blossoms and the magnolia blooms. They soon got to be familiar figures on Government street, as they would walk along that busy thoroughfare with the young girl's head garlanded with wreaths of beautiful flowers and the little boy's arms filled with vines and evergreens. Then Miss Rives moved far away into Virginia, but she never forgot her newsboy friend, for it was her custom almost daily to write him. The boy met with a misfortune some years ago which crippled him for life. He is poor, but his purse is twice a year replenished by a postoffice order from Mrs. Chanler. One of these arrives in Mobile on his birthday, which is in June, and the other on Christmas day."—St. Louis Republic.

A Queer Performance.

Several years ago a Hampshire baronet was amazed to find that, although he went to bed clothed as is customary, yet he invariably awoke naked in the morning and could not find any trace of his missing garment. A great number of shirts disappeared in this inexplicable manner, and as every nook and corner in the room was searched without result the baronet at last told one of his intimate friends, and requested him to sit in the room all night and watch developments. This the friend did, and after the baronet had for some time given audible evidence that he was asleep the watcher was surprised to observe him get out of bed, open the door and proceed with a quick pace along a corridor, descend the stairs and emerge into an open yard.

Suddenly the baronet, divesting himself of his only garment, seized a pitchfork and buried the linen in a dunghill. Afterward he proceeded leisurely back to his bed. In the morning the baronet, incredulous at what his friend related, repaired to the dunghill, and after digging for some time found several shirts stowed away in this anything but pleasant receptacle.—Boston Globe

When Traveling Was Dangerous.

Hounslow heath, Finchley common and Gadshill, in the neighborhood of London, were celebrated haunts of the highwayman, and the secluded roads of Epping forest, on the route to Cambridge, were often the scenes of plunder in broad daylight. These desperate robbers at last became so dangerous, and the peril of their attacks so serious to travelers of all kinds, as well as to the postmen, that the government passed a law making highway robbery an offense punishable by the death of the criminal and the confiscation of all his property. But robberies still occurred.

In 1783 mail coaches, protected by armed guards, took the place of postboys. The coaches carried passengers also, and as these generally carried arms the mails were better protected, but still daring and oftentimes successful attacks were made upon them.—St. Nicholas.

The Glass Industry.

The progress of the glass industry in America has been far from constant. It has suffered severe and violent fluctuations, amounting almost to annihilation. Several times it has needed to be born again. But the sum total of these successes and vicissitudes has been the establishment of an industry which, while it is the oldest, is also at the present time one of the most promising and most highly developed of all our industries.—Professor C. H. Henderson in Popular Science Monthly.

A London Idea.

In certain London restaurants each customer is allowed to make his or her tea. The waitress lights the gas burner, which is affixed to each table, and sets thereon a silver kettle. Then she presents to the teamaker a silver caddy divided into compartments and offering a choice of Souchong, Ceylon or green tea. Any one who is compelled to drink the lukewarm stuff called tea at restaurants will appreciate the new idea.—London Letter.

FINNY'S TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

When Snow Failed He Stole a Tub of Butter to Make the Going Good.

There is a low, sloping roof near where 9-year-old Jimmy Walsh lives at 515 Washington street. When the snow fell on the roof Jimmy invited his friend Alphonse Costello, who is two years older than he, to come over and slide. They slid—on barrel staves—and said it was "out of sight." Young Costello, who is known to the other members of the Happy Home gang of Washington street as "Finny," is of a reflective turn of mind.

"Jimmy," said he, "this snow's goin ter melt. I never seen snow yet wot didn't melt just when yer didn't wanter have it. What good'll our slide be then?"

Jimmy didn't know.

"Well, I'll tell yer then," pursued Finny. "Wot's the matter wid butter fer a slide? Grease up yer roof an yer pants, and there yer is."

The ideas of the Happy Homes regarding the ownership and acquirement of property are vague. On the day following that on which Finny's brilliant idea struck him a tub of butter was stolen from a delivery wagon standing on Washington street. The man in charge of the wagon informed the police that just before the butter was stolen he had seen "a shmall bandy legged Eyetalian an a ridheaded divil about a half size bigger foolin around the place." Jimmy and Finny were arrested. They denied the robbery; but, alas, their trousers were buttered. Moreover, they were buttered in the place where it would do the most good in reducing friction to a minimum when sliding. The boys were taken to Jefferson Market court, where Judge Ryan was on the bench. When they saw him the boys' knees shook.

"Hully sufferin, smokin gee!" stuttered Jimmy. "It's his whiskerenes."

Justice Ryan looded at the two boys. "You boy with the black eye, have you ever been arrested before?" said he.

"On'y oncet, yer honor," replied Finny meekly. "I was up before yer honor. It was when Jim Shea's oyster scow was broke into las' summer, yer honor. I happened to be in swimmin there, an the cop nabbed me. I was honorably discharged by yer honor."

Agent Denbert of the Gerry society interposed to remark that the oyster scow in question was robbed at midnight, when Costello or any other boy was not likely to be in swimming, and, moreover, that Costello was arrested on the scow and was let off merely on account of his youth. Justice Ryan then expressed a desire to know where and under what circumstances he had experienced the pleasure of Jimmy Walsh's acquaintance.

"'Twasn't my fault, yer honor," whimpered Jimmy. "How'd I know th' priest was comin along just then? Wot did dey leave th' blooming tin wash boiler in th' winder fer? How c'd I tell th' bleedin boiler was goin t' smash his jaw w'en it fell out? Did I know I was goin ter trip up an fall again it? Judge, crisscross m' heart, s' help me I never touched th' boiler anyway."

"This is the boy," explained Agent Denbert, "who threw a wash boiler out of a window in Washington street at a priest who was passing by and hit him on the head. That was about two months ago. He was discharged because he said it was an accident."

"Did you steal this butter?" asked Justice Ryan.

"No, sir," said both boys at once. "Some bigger fellers swiped it. Then they done us dirt by puttin it on our pantses."

"Well, you're hard characters, anyway," said the justice. "I'll commit you both to the Catholic protectory."—New York Sun.

An Interesting Experiment.

The eyesight can often be aided materially without the use of glasses. Many people who decline to admit that age is creeping upon them and that they need some aid to their sight use little devices to enable them to decipher small print or something that is not quite distinct. The commonest of these is a small piece of card or stiff paper with a small hole pierced through it. The hole is little larger than that made by a pin, but when held close to the eye it really acts like a magnifying glass. To the optician the effect and the causes which lead up to it have quite a scientific interest, but speaking generally the card with its tiny hole acts as a concentrator of the light and increases the angle of vision to a remarkable extent. The strain on the eye is severe, and the device is not likely to interfere with the sale of spectacles or glasses of any kind. Yet on an emergency a card perforated as described may become very convenient and help a man out. As an interesting experiment it is also worth a trial.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Baron Howth's Rat.

The story of the luck of the Howths is well known, and down to very recent times no member of that family would permit a rat to be put to death. It was said that about the year 1750 the 26th Baron Howth was giving a banquet to his friends when a rat rushed into the hall followed by several dogs, and jumping on the table sat up before Lord Howth as if appealing for protection. He saved its life, and from that moment it never quitted him. At last he set out on a foreign tour accompanied by his brother, who persuaded him to leave the rat behind.

Sitting in a hotel at Marseilles, the door suddenly flew open, and the rat, dripping wet, came crawling in and went straight to the fire to dry itself. Lord Howth's brother, enraged at the intrusion, seized the poker and dashed out the rat's brains. "You have murdered me!" exclaimed Lord Howth, and instantly fell down and expired.—London Tit-Bits.

Has Some Effect.

Traveler—Do you think the lynch law you have here decreases the number of murders?

Native—Waal, I dunno, but it decreases the number of murderers.—New York Weekly.

Contrary Advice as to Eating and Sleeping.

It would be an estimable boon to humanity if doctors could agree in their advice as to diet. At present the average man is in a state of pure bewilderment. Only lately an eminent physician has said that all our ailments arise from overeating and oversleeping, and that the golden rule of health is to be sparing of both. Sir James Sawyer now comes forward with almost exactly the opposite advice. In speaking of King George III's oft quoted maxim, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool," he considers that the poor old king—whose brain, by the way, certainly needed more rest than it secured—had "begun at the wrong end."

From his own experience of his own calling, Sir James Sawyer is decidedly of opinion that medical men require eight hours' sleep if they can get it, and that failing that they should hold on by "the grand rule," "go to bed when you can and get up when you must." The bedroom should be well ventilated, and the "night cap," in the liquid form, should be discarded, as alcohol prevents healthy sleep. It may produce a drowsy, stupefying effect, but not refreshing slumber.

His advice as to eating is somewhat optimistic. "If a man would only eat naturally and at the proper time and not eat too much, he might eat anything he liked."—Chicago News-Record.

How Deaf Mutes Dance.

"I never felt so lonesome in my life," said a gentleman recently, "as when I chanced to be thrown one day with a picnic party of deaf mutes. They could understand each other, laughed and carried on and had a good time generally, while I sat like a mummy, apart, looking on, but unable to participate in any of the fun.

"One thing that surprised me greatly," he continued, "was to see them indulge in dancing. I had always supposed that it was absolutely essential to hear the rhythm of the music in order to keep the time of a waltz or polka. To be sure, they had an orchestra on the dancing barge, and for a time I regarded that as peculiar, for few if any of the party could hear the strains.

"After a little thought I solved the mystery. The mutes could not hear the music, but they felt it, which was just as effectual. To be sure of the matter I spoke to the leader of the orchestra, and he assured me that my surmise was correct, and that when he was employed by the party it was expressly stipulated that he should bring his biggest bass drum and bass viols. The deep tones were more vibratory than the others, and the mutes kept excellent waltz time by feeling the vibration of the wood flooring upon which they danced."—New York Herald.

Acquiring Foreign Languages.

It is unusual for a person who goes into a foreign country after he has grown to adult years to acquire the language of that country well enough to conceal his alien origin, but there are exceptions. There is a German in New York, who has been here only six years, who speaks English without a trace of accent, although he never studied the tongue until he arrived in America. A professor of French in this city says that Englishmen and Americans betray themselves more by stress on the letter "l" when they try to talk his language than in any other way. Frenchmen are more "stumped" by the sound of th than by anything else in English.

One of them, who declared that he could pronounce anything in our tongue, was asked to say "Theophilus Thistlethwaite." He threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Ah, barbarian!" This sound is trying to the Germans likewise, and one of the early things in Puck, when that was a German paper, was a series of pictures representing a Teutonic waiter twisting his neck and cracking his teeth in the attempt to say "Thanks." —New York Sun.

What Science Has Done In Agriculture.

Not only has intensive cultivation taught us how to draw a larger return than formerly from a particular soil and a given surface, but by the selection of seeds we have doubled and tripled the formation of sugar in beet roots; by like selections, the production of the potato has been augmented, and we are seeking, with certainty of success, yet more considerable increase in the production of wheat. No less progress is reached in the production of fruits and vegetables and of cattle, to the daily amelioration of the general condition of the human race.

This advance has been promoted partly by close acquaintance with the general laws of living nature as revealed by disinterested science—laws which are the essential foundation of every application, and equally and in a way no less worthy of admiration by the efforts of inventors, those men of practical ingenuity who labor at the same time for the increase of their own fortunes and for the good and profit of mankind.—P. E. M. Berthelot in Popular Science Monthly.

Heroes In Many Walks of Life.

Whoever has a high and worthy purpose at heart, whether of truth or duty or love, and also has the strength and courage to work, to sacrifice and to suffer, if need be, for its sake, is worthy of the name of hero. One quietly denies himself pleasure or comfort or ease for the aged parent or sick child. Another gives up cherished plans because they would interfere with the claims of a dependent family. One faces the displeasure of friends and society sooner than forsake his principles; another employs all his power in defense of the weak and against the oppressor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Large Writing Unfashionable.

It is not the latest style to write as big as possible, but it is the latest fad to make the bigness bigger than any other woman's if you possibly can.

Also, it is pschutt (not chic any longer) to put no address on your letter, no date, and on no account to punctuate it. It is high style to be misunderstood by all except the woman to whom you write.—Boston Globe.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1035 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4002 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D E Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 59 Fifth av; W J Lider, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 308 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 37 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2530 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2358 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3740 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 328 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin I Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John J Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

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A Little Previous.

"A man can occasionally be just a little forehanded when he ought not to be," was Myron Mylne's comment on the frailty of human nature to friends at the Lindell. "A few months ago a man, my neighbor in San Lucas county, Cal., found that his father was very ill and called in a physician, who pronounced the case a hopeless one and intimated that the parent had but a few days to live. This grieved the son very much, but of course it was a tribulation that had to be borne. The next day the son started for the neighboring county seat, some 18 miles, to buy farm necessities. While there he speculated upon many things, and among others upon the approaching death of his father. Then he argued with himself that, since his father must die anyhow, and seeing that the journey from his home to the town was a long and hard one, he thought it would not be much harm to buy his father's coffin and take it along.

"After numerous qualms of conscience on that score he finally conquered his feelings and secured the coffin. Then came the journey home, and John stored the coffin in the garret and resignedly awaited the father's death. That much expected event did not come to pass, however, and my friend was left with the coffin on his hands. Being very close in the matter of money and not wishing to lose on the coffin, the residents of Punta Argos, the county seat, were treated to the novel sight of a farmer peddling a coffin about to various citizens, to one of whom, an undertaker, he finally sold it at an extremely reduced rate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Balky Razors.

Anthony Chryst, a delegate to the international barbers' convention from St. Paul, in speaking of the tonsorial trade, said: "I know there are quite a number of persons who do not believe that a razor gets just as tired as a barber, but it is a fact just the same, and I speak from personal experience. I have been busily engaged removing the beard from a man's face when all at once my razor would refuse to work—it would actually not cut a hair. I would strop it, but all to no purpose, for it would not do service. I had one of these razors on hand about a year ago when a most decrepit individual entered my shop.

"My chair was vacant, and it fell my lot to remove his hirsute appendage. I had it in for him on the start, and in order to get my revenge I hauled out my tired razor, expecting for my customer to endure ten thousand agonies during the operation, but I was most beautifully fooled, for that old razor went through his old crusty beard just the same as silk thread, and as a consequence I have had him on my hands ever since. I don't know how to account for it, nor do the numerous scientists I have consulted, but it is a well known fact that a razor gets tired and will refuse to work just the same as a balky mule."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Homestead relief committee of the Carnegie strikers has received $200 from the United Brotherhood of Carpenters union No. 1, of Chicago.

Francis G Newlands of Nevada will be the only member of the next house of representatives who was elected on the straight-out silver issue.

Turnkey McHugh of the Cook county jail has been indicted for assaulting Miss Watson to escape.

It is asserted that the [illegible] in the Paris sewers are less liable to [illegible] other 800 Parisians, and that they are especially free from infectious diseases.

1778. 1893.

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3. Song, Selected.....E. M. Cummings
4. Soprano Solo, "Come Back to Erin".....Miss Maggie L. Duggan
5. Recitation, "Erin's Flag".....Miss Julia O'Callaghan
6. Baritone Solo, "O'Donnell Aboo".....Mr. J. J. Phelan
7. Address.....Hon. John Gibbons
8. Song, "Ninety-Eight".....Mr. R. E. Hardy
9. Trio, Harps and Piano.....Misses Teresa Gavin, Mary Rice, D. B. Crysdale
10. Contralto Solo, "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me".....Miss Nellie T. Cahill
11. "Kathleen Mavourneen".....Miss Eugenie Bayard
12. Irish Bagpipes.....Prof. W. R. Murphy
13. Song, "There Are Just as Good Men Come from Ireland To-Day".....John Drumny
14. Closing Ode, "God Save Ireland".....Owen Ahern

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